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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE CHANGED MAN.

A case of interest which it may be proper to notice more particularly, was the conversion of one, who, though sustaining the character of a moral man and useful citizen, had, nevertheless, lived till the meridian of life without manifesting a regard for religion or its institutions. Till within a short period before the revival, he had been almost as regularly *absent* from the house of God as his family had been *present*. But in all this time, as he observed afterwards, 'he had not supposed himself to be in such a sinful state as to give him the slightest alarm.' He imagined that he was quite as good without so much church-going and so many religious forms, as others were with them; nor was he ever disturbed by any apprehensions of evil to come.

The first evidence of an impression on this man's conscience was noticed in the church by some who sat near him, and who apprehended that he was unwell.

At the meeting that evening, I discovered him, as he entered the room, under the influence of very strong emotions, which he endeavored in vain to conceal or suppress. On taking him by the hand he simply observed, with confused articulation, 'I cannot converse with you now;' and I replied that I would see him on the ensuing day. At this time his sense of sin was deep and pungent, but by the succeeding morning his exercises had become so absorbing and intense, that his mind could no longer be fixed on his business, and he retired to his house and waited with increasing impatience the fulfilment of the promise made at the meeting the evening before. A slight attack of disease rendered it necessary to defer the call till towards the close of the day, when he was found traversing his room in the deepest anguish of spirit, full of apprehension that his case was so peculiar as to admit of no relief.

'Hitherto,' said he, 'I have been a stranger to myself. I have had no conception of the depravity of my heart, or of the sinfulness of my conduct in the sight of a holy God. I feel the burden of innumerable sins, for which he is justly offended with me. I am wretched beyond the power of language to express, nor can I imagine how it can ever be otherwise with me either in this world or in the world to come.'

Never in all the writer's acquaintance with the operations of grace has he witnessed a more lively illustration of that destruction of hope or of 'life' by the coming of the commandment' as described by the apostle in Romans vii. 9—11. Here was a person with his eyes for the first time opened to see the *law*—its spirituality and claims—with his face at the same time averted from the relief of the gospel. According to another representation of the apostle, here was a prisoner convicted of capital crime, having received and acquiesced in his righteous sentence, and now 'concluded' or kept under the bolts and bars, and prison-door of the law—'shut up unto' the time when he should be released by the key of faith. And have you looked into the Bible, said I, to see whether it has not some instruction for persons in such distressing exigencies as yours? 'No,' he replied; 'I have not been accustomed to read it; I am a stranger to its contents, and at present I feel myself too sinful, too unworthy to attempt it.' Have you then made confession of your sins, and asked God to forgive them? 'No. I have not felt myself worthy; I am too much an enemy of God to use this liberty.' Shall I then take the Bible for you and read a few paragraphs, and then unite with you in prayer? Then turning to that part of our Savior's discourse in John xvi., where he sets forth the offices of the Comforter in convicting of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment, he was asked whether he was not himself 'convinced of sin?' 'That I am,' said he. 'I have a view of the number and greatness of my sins which I want words to utter.' And are you not as fully convinced, likewise, that you have no 'righteousness' of your own; that your best works have been imperfect and deserving of condemnation; and that, in order to be saved, you need a better righteousness than your own? 'Most certainly I am,' was his answer. And have you any doubt of a '*judgment*' to come; that there will be a day of judgment, when you and all the world shall be judged, and when the wrath of God shall be righteously revealed and executed upon all who continue to the end of life as you have lived hitherto? 'No, none,' said he. 'I have no excuse to offer. I have sinned wilfully and under light; and if there is a just Being in the heavens he ought to punish, and must punish, all who are so deserving of his displeasure as I am.' It would appear, then, that you have some evidence of such exercises in relation to sin as are produced by the Holy Spirit. 'I do not know but I have, yet I had not thought of it before.' Is not this, then, encouraging and comforting? This is what you have anxiously desired; is it not? to be assured that you have not been abondoned of God, and that you have not grieved nor quenched his Spirit by your sins. Why, then, will you not open at once your heart to the Savior, who has begun to prepare the way for his coming by sending the Spirit to convince you of your need of him. Can you not unite with me in prayer for it? 'I think I can.'

We then kneeled together in offering a few petitions, when, on, rising, he immediately exclaimed, 'I feel better; the load is gone.' The change was visible in his countenance. The clouds had given place to sunshine, and the transition was as 'life from the dead.'—Never did I experience such mingled emotions of joy and abasement; of pleasure combined with awe. The Lord was in that place, and the display of his sovereign power and grace in this immediate answer of prayer was exceedingly affecting. Like Peter falling at the feet of Jesus, after witnessing one of his miracles, and exclaiming, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord,' so we all felt the place and the time to be rendered awful by a scene of so much solemnity.

I will only add that the lapse of time, from that memorable hour to the present, has furnished increasing testimony that the change which I have thus described, was wrought by the power of God.

SPENDING MONEY FOR INTOXICATING DRINKS OR FOR USEFUL PURPOSES.

Having shown that money expended for intoxicating drinks was so much lost to the country, inasmuch as it was paid for useless and unprofitable labor, let us see what could be the result if the money was appropriated to works of real usefulness:—150 millions of dollars for intoxicating drinks and for time, &c., lost in consequence of it, produce *no good*, but in general, *sickness, sorrow, crime and death.*

One hundred and fifty millions of dollars expended on works of usefulness, would make, in a single year,—30,000 miles of turnpike road, at $5,000 per mile—or 6,000 miles of rail road, at $25,000 per mile—or 6,000 miles of canal, at $25,000 per mile—or it would provide 75,000 families in a single year, each with a farm and house worth $2,000—or it would build 50,000 stone bridges, worth $3,000 each—or in each of the 10,000 towns in the United States, it would erect three stone school houses worth $1,000 each, and pay three teachers $250 each. Also, two brick or stone churches, worth $4,000 each, and support two clergymen at $500 each. Also, furnish each town with a library worth $1,000—or, it would furnish every man, woman and child in the United States with a comfortable suit of clothes—or, it would furnish every family of five persons in the United States, with $57,70 worth of provision. We speak as to wise men—judge ye!

A history of every work of piety in its beginnings, in the malignity of its foes, in the sorrows and courage of its friends, and its final success, may be seen in the book of Nehemiah.

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

What barrier is there against the universal despotism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom? Who is to stand up here, but the possessor of that holy independence? There is no king, no sultan, no noble, no privileged class; nobody else to stand against it. If you yield this point, if you are for ever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here, is to escape opposition and reproach, every thing will be swept beneath the popular wave.—There will be no individuality, no hardihood, no high and stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind, left among us. The holy of our fathers' virtue, will be trodden under foot, by their unworthy children. *They* feared not to stand up against kings and nobles, and parliament people. Better did they account it, that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom—happier were they, when their sails swelled to the storm of winter, than to be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to their ear, was the music of the gale, that shrieked in their broken cordage, than the voice at home that said, 'submit and you shall have rest.' And when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar and knelt upon the frozen snow and flinty rock to worship, they built that altar to freedom, to individual freedom, freedom of conscience and opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free.—Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity, and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us.—*Rev. O. Dewey.*

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

'One of the distinguishing features of the present age, is the spirit of benevolent enterprise by which various classes of individuals are actuated, in promoting by every possible means the improvement of the people. Efforts of philanthropy, whether successful or not, furnish an object on which the mind can uniformly repose with pleasure, and realise some of those delights which 'virtue—tranquil virtue—only can bestow.' Invention has been placed upon the stretch to devise new and attractive schemes by which the condition of the humbler orders of society may be improved, and instruction communicated in the most agreeable and acceptable manner. Nor will any one deny, who glances for a moment at the destitution of England, as exhibited in the 'Report, just published, of the committee of the House of Commons on the education of the poorer classes of England and Wales,' that such efforts are unheeded, or even commensurate with the extent of the work to be performed. The horrid and brutalising amusement of bull-baiting still exists, unfortunately, in the South, and in some parts is warmly patronised by the common people, who are not only ignorant of more refined amusement, but of the very rudiments or first principles of knowledge. That the laboring man requires some intervals in the course of his toil to recruit his wasted strength and spirits, is a fact universally admitted. Relaxation, indeed, whether of an intellectual or physical nature, is essential to the continued healthy action of the human system. Without it, disease and melancholy never fail to make their appearance, and prey upon their victim. The bow which is always bent, inevitably loses much of its native elasticity and power. The close confinement and long-continued toil to which so many are unavoidably subjected in our large towns and rural factories, by predisposing the body to disease, and creating a strong desire for stimulating liquors, have proved exceedingly prejudicial to health, and contributed to swell the dark catalogue of the victims of drunkenness and vice. It too frequently happens, indeed, that the careworn and tired artisan, at the close of the week, is induced to visit the alehouse, and, seated with some kindred spirits, tempted to drain the intoxicating cup with the view of banishing 'dull care, and tasting as he thinks, some of life's glad moments. No one needs to be told how fascinating and fatal this sort of amusement is. It holds it votaries in the most degrading bondage, and opens the door to every abomination. The taprooms and other drinking haunts are, in most instances, little else than normal schools for gambling, and the acquisition of the arts of villany. The money which is spent in such places is the least objectionable feature in them. The habits acquired, and the time consumed over disgusting conversation, entail upon thousands and tens of thousands untold wretchedness and misery. Happiness flies at once the bosom and the home of him who habitually frequents them. To check in some degree this great and growing, evil requires, on the part of every one alive to the claims of his country and his kind, combined and persevering effort. As a nation, it has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength; and the maturity to which it has unfortunately arrived, places the day of its final abolition, it is to be feared, still at a great distance.

Various plans have been devised and partially carried into effect with the view of abolishing the evil in question, and furnishing the people, during leisure hours, with entertaining and elevating amusement. Among these there is one, recently begun in Glasgow, under the superintendent of the Total Abstinence Society of that city, whose merits require only to be known to be generally appreciated and extensively adopted. Perceiving that a great many cases of drunkenness occurred on the Saturday evening, and that these arose in part from the absence of some attractive public resort, where amusement might be obtained at a cheap rate, the committee resolved to try what could be done to supply the deficiency. They immediately procured a pianoforte, engaged a number of glee and solo singers, and forthwith put the novel apparatus in motion in one of the large halls of the city, during the Saturday evening—taking care to provide, as frequently as possible, a lecture on some scientific topic, to be delivered in the interval of the two parts in which the entertainment is divided—price of admission to be two-pence. A weekly concert of great interest was thus established, to which all have access. Latterly, instrumental music has been added, and the pieces are more systematically arranged. The lecture occupies about forty-five minutes, and the whole 'Social Meeting' two hours and a half. Members of the same enterprising society have recently opened meetings of a similar character in Calton and Gorbals. Great success has attended the introduction of this new plan. Its popular nature was so decided, and the necessity existing in Glasgow for still more accommodation of this description so apparent, that the committee of the Mechanics' Institution determined to throw open their large hall every Saturday evening for a similar purpose. No difficulty was found in obtaining suitable performers. The musical melange is divided, as in the former instance, into two parts, and so arranged as to allow the instrumental and vocal pieces to be given alternately. A lecture has been delivered every evening, in the interval of the parts, generally of a superior character, and illustrated by the aparatus beloning to the institution. Complete success has also attended this attempt to render the power of music, in union with science, subservient to the promotion of human happiness. The hall is uniformly crowded, and a large proportion of the audience consists of females—a circumstance of itself highly promising. There cannot be a doubt entertained of the beneficial tendency of these meetings, or of the necessity which exists for their extension. Grinding labor and insufficient remuneration are the pillars on which our ginpalaces rest, and few things will contribute more to undermine, and ultimately destroy them, than such Saturday evening amusement. Combining as it does whatever is enobling in science and morals, with all that is elevating in music, the working man is presented weekly with a treat hitherto almost exclusively enjoyed by the rich. And were proof wanting to establish the practibility of the scheme, it would be found in the unrivalled success which has attended the 'social meetings' of Glasgow.'

ANECDOTE OF REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The following is extracted from the 'Metropolitan Pulpit,' a work recently published in London, and republished in this country.

'A pious woman, a member in Surry Chapel, was married to a husband who, though very kind to her, and, in many respects, a moral man, had no sense whatever of religion, but delighted in spending the hours in swilling beer, which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the parties, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter day. The consequence was, that a distraint on their furniture was put into their house, and a party was employed, as the technical phrase has it, 'to take possession.' After turning over every scheme in their minds which could suggest itself for extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were just about to resign themselves to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife, of submitting the whole circumstances of the case to Mr Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of terror, made a short and simple representation of the state of matters.

'How much would you require to save your furniture, and to get rid of the person in possession?' inquired Mr. Hill.

'Eighteen pounds, sir, would be quite sufficient for the purpose,' answered the poor woman with a palpitating heart.

'I'll let you have the loan of twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience.'

The heart of the other was too full to give utterance to distinct expressions of gratitude for so great a mark of kindness on the part of her minister. He was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to perceive that the broken accents, and sometimes entire absence of words, which characterized her attempt to express her gratitude, afforded a far better proof of that feeling, being at once deep and sincere, than if she had been the most affluent in words, and most fluent in using them.

'Send your husband to me on your return home,' said Mr. Hill, after the other had returned thanks in the best way her feelings would allow her; 'send him to me presently, and I will have two ten pound notes waiting him by the time he arrives. I wish to give the notes to him rather than to you.'

Mrs. D——quitted Mr. Hill's house, and hurried home with light foot, but with a still lighter heart. Having communicated to her husband what had passed between herself and her minister, it is unnecessary to say that he lost no time in proceeding to the house of Mr. Hill. The latter received him with much kindness of manner.

'And so,' said he, 'you are so unfortunate as to have a person in possession?'

'We unfortunately have sir.'

'And twenty pounds will be sufficient to get rid of him, and restore your furniture to you?'

'It will sir.'

'Well, then,' said Mr. Hill, pointing to the table, 'there are two ten pound notes for you which you can repay me when you are able. Take them.'

The other hesitatingly advanced to the table, took up the notes, and was in act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done him, and expressing a hope he would soon be able to pay the amount back again—when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaimed, 'Stop a little! Just lay down the notes again, until I ask a blessing on them.'

The other did as was desired, on which the reverend gentleman, extended both his arms, addressed a short prayer to the Divine Being, to this effect: 'O Lord, who art the Author of all mercy, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, do thou be graciously pleased to bless the small sum of money to be given to him who is now before thee, that it may conduce to his present and eternal welfare. For Jesus Christ's sake.'

'Now, sir,' said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication to the Trone of Grace,' Now, sir, you may take the money.'

The party a second time took up the two ten pound notes, and was in the act, as before, of folding them up, when Mr. Hill interposed, by requesting him to wait a moment, adding that he had forgotten one thing.

It may be easily supposed that by this time the individual was a good deal confused. His confusion increased a hundred fold when Mr. Hill remarked, 'But, my friend, you have not yourself asked for a blessing on the money. You had better do it now.'

'Sir,' faltered out the other, scarcely able to support himself, 'Sir, I cannot pray. I never prayed in all my life.'

'You have the more need to begin now,' observed the reverend gentleman, in his own cool, yet rebuking manner.

'I cannot, sir; I do not know what to say.'

'Make the effort, however short your prayer may be.'

'I cannot, sir. I am unable to utter a single sentence.'

'Then you cannot have the money. I will not lend twepty pounds to a prayerless person.'

The other hesitated for a moment, and then closed his eyes, and with uplifted hands, he said with great earnestness, 'O Lord what shall I say to Thee and to Mr. Hill on this occasion?' He was about to begin another sentence when the reverend gentleman interrupted him by observing, 'That will do for a beginning. It is a very excellent first prayer. It is from the heart. I have not uttered a more sincere or fervent petition to God for the last fifty years. Take the money, and may God's blessing be given along with it.' As he spoke, Mr. Hill took up the two ten pound notes, and, transferring them to the half bewildered man, cordially shook him by the hand, and wished him good morning.

HOW TO MAKE A CONGREGATION DECLINE.

Absent yourselves from the public ordinances whenever you take a notion. Others will learn from your example that they need not be very conscientious about attending on the worship of their Maker.

Be sure not to venture out to church if the day be a little cold or cloudy. This will teach others that if they would take care of their health they will stay at home.

Talk in discouraging terms about the prospects of the congregation. This will make people keep a good distance; for no person wishes to connect himself with a sinking cause.

That you may be able to talk thus take little or no interest in the welfare of the congregation yourself. You have then only to suppose that your brethren are as cold and languid as yourself; and that religion is indeed in a very low state.

Take care that your meeting-house be moderately cold and uncomfortable. This will keep you from being crowded out of your seats by strangers: for none will attend but those who have something of the spirit of matyrdom.

Place your meeting-house at the outskirts of the village, and let it be accessible only through much mud. Why, if people love the ordinances this will not keep them away.

When you are asked for a small contribution to put your meeting-house in as decent repair as you keep your own private dwelling, be sure to complain that you have always to be giving money. If you are a poor man, with nothing but a farm and a few thousands at interest, it would be unreasonable to expect you to do much. Let others see to it.

Take care to sing the praises of God as if you did not care whether you sung or not; and let your church music be such as to disgust all persons of taste.—*Evan. Guardian.*

HOW TO LIVE.

We have lived so many years; and every day and every minute we make an escape from those thousands of dangers and deaths that encompass us around about: and such escapings we must reckon to be an extraordinary fortune, and therefore that it cannot last long. Vain are the thoughts of man who, when he is young or healthful, thinks he hath a long thread of life to run over, and that it is violent and strange for young persons to die; and natural and proper only for the aged. It is as natural for a man to die by drowning as by a fever: and what greater violence or more unnatural thing is it, that the horse threw his rider into the river than that a drunken meeting cast him into a fever? And the strength of youth is as soon broken by the strong sickness of youth, and the stronger intemperance, as the weakness of old age by a cough of asthma, or a continual rheum: nay, it is more natural for young men and women to die than for old; because that is more natural which hath more natural causes, and that is more natural which is most common: but to die with age is an extreme rare thing: and there are more persons carried forth to burial before the five and thirtieth year of their age, than after it: and therefore let no vain confidence make you hope for long life: if you have lived but little, and are still in youth, remember, that now you are in your biggest throng of dangers both of body and soul; and the proper sins of youth to which they rush infinitely and without consideration, are also the proper and immediate instruments of death. But if you are not old, you have escaped long and wonderfully, and the time of your escaping is out: you must not for ever think to live upon wonders, or that God will work miracles to satisfy your longing follies, and unreasonable desires of living longer to sin and to the world. Go home and think to die, and what you would choose to be doing when you die, that do daily: for you will all come to that pass to rejoice that you did so, or wish that you had; that will be the condition of every one of us: for God regardeth no man's person.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE PLEASANTNESS OF GRATITUDE AND THANKSGIVING.

It is true, in other parts of devotion, there is something that is painful and laborious to human nature; for so prayer awakens in us a sorrowful sense of wants and imperfections, confession excites in us sharp and dolorous reflections upon our guilts and miscarriages; but thanksgiving has nothing in it but a warm and vigorous sense of the mightiest love and most endearing goodness. For it is only the overflow of a heart full of love, the free sally and emission of a soul that is captivated and endeared by kindness; and seeing our thanksgiving lives upon love and beneficence, and is all along nourished and maintained by it, the greater the love is upon which it feeds, and the more the beneficence, the richer its fare is, and the nobler its entertainment. But where can our gratitude find out a love so great or productive of such ample beneficence, as that of God's? Upon this inexhaustible subject it may live forever without any other supplies; and fare deliciously every moment to eternal ages. For what more comfortable thought can ever present itself to the mind of man than this, that the great Lord of the world, the good, the wise, the mighty King of heaven and earth, is our faithful, kind and munificent Friend, and that the great subject of all his contrivance is to do us good here, and to render us glorious hereafter? O were such thoughts as these but set home upon our hearts with their full and due emphasis, how would they even ravish and transport our souls! How would they convert all our faculties into consent and harmony, and raise our spirits in songs of thanksgiving to him! And whilst, from a lively sense of all these wonders of his love, we are offering up to him our sacrifice of praise, O with what triumph and exultation of soul should we ascend in the flames of it! But, alas! we are, even the best of us, in a great measure unacquainted with the pleasure and sweetness of this heavenly performance; and the reason is because we have not a quick sense and lively relish of the divine goodness upon which it terminates. Had we this always present with us, we should feel so much joy and pleasure in thanksgiving, that it would be our heaven upon earth, our meat and drink, our business and recreation, to breathe up our souls to God in hymns of praise. But this we do all know, who know any thing of religion, that to laud and magnify the Lord, is the end for which we are born, and the heaven for which we are designed: and that when we are arrived to that vigorous sense of the divine love that the blessed people of heaven have attained, we shall need no other either employment or pleasure to render us forever happy, but only to sing eternal praises and hallelujahs to our God and to the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne. The perception and relish of his unspeakable goodness to us will so inflame our love and animate our gratitude, that to eternal ages we shall be never able to contain ourselves from breaking forth into new songs of praise; and then every new song will still create a new pleasure, and every new pleasure dictate a new song, and so round again forever. But these are things too sublime for our short reach and cognizance; only at present let us but consult the experience of devout and grateful souls about them; and this will assure us, that there is nothing under heaven so pleasant and delightsome as, from a warm and vigorous sense of the love of God, to breathe up our souls to him in praise and thanksgiving; that this gives such a jubilee to the mind, such a sprightful recreation to the heart, as far exceeds the most studied and artificial pleasures of Epicurism.—*Dr John Scott.*

The sweet perfume of many plants remains within them till they are bruised. So it is not prosperity, but adversity that brings out the loveliness of the Christian character.

CHRISTIAN BOLDNESS.—There is a kind of boldness which arises from pride. From this principle a man may be forward to expose himself to the dislike of the world, and even to provoke its opposition. Proud professors often place themselves in a state of warfare with those whom they call carnal, that they may be more highly esteemed among their own party. True Christian fortitude is universal, bearing us above the displeasure of friends as well as of enemies: so that if influenced by this spirit, if called to make the sacrifice, we should forsake *all* rather than Christ. That duty which ascertains whether a man is willing to be despised by his own party, is a much more proper test of his religious fortitude, than his being forward to expose himself to the reproach of enemies. He is bold for Christ who has courage to confess his fault openly before his opposers, when he has committed one that requires such confession. Such conduct as this is a far more decisive evidence of holy courage, than resolutely and fiercely opposing our enemies. —*Edwards on the Affections.*

CHARITY A DOUBLE BLESSING—There is no virtue in being relieved; a poor man is not a better man for the charity he receives; it brings with it an increase of duty and calls upon him for a more sure trust on God, for greater thankfulness to him; and some obligations it lays him under with regard to his benefactors here. And it may happen, that the charity which is his present relief, may be a burden upon his future account: and will be so, if he misapplies the gift. But the giver has a better prospect before him; charity is the discharge of a duty, and has the general promises of obedience; it is a virtue likewise distinguished from the rest, and has its own reward; the blessings of the life which is, and that which is to come; it is a debt which God will own at the last day: it is a treasure transferred to heaven, and will be repaid in never-failing riches. To conclude, charity is a double maintenance; it gives temporal life to the poor and spiritual life to the rich; it bestows the comforts of the world on the receiver, and the glories of immortality on the giver.—*Bishop Sherlock.*

NOBLE GENEROSITY.—At a meeting of an association of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South, preparatory to celebrating the Centennial anniversary of Methodism, and for the purpose of establishing a fund, the interest of which, in part is to be applied to the support of superannuated ministers, their widows and orphans, and the balance to the support of the Missionaries, and the cause of education, Col. Wm. C. Preston, a member of the United States Senate from South Carolina, being one of the audience, rose in the congregation and briefly stated that he did not belong to the Methodist church, neither did any of his family, nor did he expect they ever would, but added that he considered himself under peculiar obligations to that branch of the Christian church, it being mainly through the instrumentality of his grandmother, who was the sister of Patrick Henry and member of the methodist church, and had the charge of his education, that he occupied the station he now held in the United States, and then added—Mr Secretary put my name down for *One thousand dollars*, which was promptly done, and as promptly paid.—*Gettysburgh Star.*

GOETHE, AS A PATRIOT.

Goethe might have rendered himself as strong as Hercules in freeing his country from the filth it contains, but he merely procured for himself the golden apples of the Hesperides, of which he retained possession; and, satisfied with that, he placed himself at the feet of Omphale, where he remained stationary. How completely opposite was the course pursued by the great poets and orators of Italy, France, and England! Dante, warrior, statesman, and diplomatist, beloved and hated, protected and persecuted, by mighty princes, remained withal unaffected by either, and sang and fought in the cause of justice. Alfiere was a nobleman, haughty and rich, and yet he panted up the hill of Parnassus, to proclaim from it summit universal freedom. Montesquieu was a servant of the state, and yet he sent forth his 'Persian Letters,' in which he mocked at courts, and his 'Spirit of the Laws,' wherein he exposed the defects of the French government. Voltaire was a courtier, but he only courted the great in smooth works, and never sacrificed his principles to them. He wore, it is true, a well powdered wig, and was fond of lace ruffles, silk coats, and stockings; but when he heard the cry of the persecuted, he did not hesitate to wade through the mud to their rescue, and with his own ennobled hands snatch from the scaffold the unjustly condemned victim. Rousseau was a poor, sickly beggar, and needed aid, but he was not seduced by tender care; neither could friendship, even from the great, produce a change in his principles. He continued proud and free, and died in poverty. Milton, whilst engaged in the composition of his dying poetry, forgot not, though in poverty, the necessities of his fellow citizens, but labored for liberty and right. Such men were also Swift, Byron, etc; and such are, at the present moment, Moore, Campbell, and others. But how has Goethe exhibited himself to his countrymen and to the world? As the citizen of a free city, he merely recollected that he was the grandson of a mayor, who, at the coronation of the Emperor of Germany, was allowed to hold the temporary office of Chamberlain. As the child of honest and respectable parents, he was delighted when once a dirty boy in the street called him a bastard, and wandered forth in imagination (the imagination of a future poet,) the son of some prince, questioning himself as to *which* he might perchance belong. Thus he *was*, and thus he *remained*. Not once did he ever advance a poor solitary word in his country's cause—he, who from the

lofty height he had attained, might have spoken out what none other but himself could dare to pronounce. Some few years since, he petitioned their 'high and highest Mightinesses' of the German Confederation, to grant his writings their all powerful protection against piracy; but he did not remember to include in his prayer an extension of the same privilege to his literary contemporaries. Ere I would have allowed my fingers to pen such a prayer for my *individual* right, and *that* only, I would have permitted them to be lamed and maimed by the ruler's edge, like a school-boy.—*Borne.*

For the Register and Observer.

MR. HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

There is one little town about 20 miles below Quincy, on the western bank of the river, —called Hannibal I think—the situation of which is unusually pretty, being elevated and airy, and there being a cone-like hill or bluff, at each of its four angles—those farthest from the river approaching each other rather nearer than do the others, so as to leave sufficient space between for a town of good size.

But I have seen no place on the river yet, except Saint Louis to be compared to Quincy. Alton is a good point, but so precipitous, bluffy—mountainous, I might almost say—and that for a long way from the river, that it would sink a corporation to grade the streets. Besides, the country east of it is not superior, if indeed it be equal to the country back of Quincy. But the prospect! the prospect! from any high point upon the town-plot—as, from the Observatory, on the top of the Quincy House—is beyond compare the finest of any my eyes have yet beheld, upon either the Illinois, or the Mississippi. Such a rich and verdant rolling surface on the east, and northeast, dotted over with neat white cottages, and more splendid country-seats—a beautiful grove on the north, and another on the south, just beyond the confines of the village, inviting you of a warm day to take shelter under their dark green umbrage—on the other side, that is, the whole western view, a charming water-scene interspersed with sweet islands—the river itself as broad as the Hudson at the upper end of New York island, if not broader—and as beautiful as the Connecticut at Hadley—how *can* I bestow upon it higher praise? Four or five miles you have of this majestic stream under your eye at once, as you look towards the nort-west—beyond that, a gently swelling prairie of as many more—and in the background the Missouri bluffs whose woody tops there define the horizon. Still further toward the north there is to be seen a village about twelve miles distant. South-west, you have a still more extensive view of the river, comprehended between its winding shores as it is, and so often tranquil as it is, and always taking a shade from the aspect of the sky.

I arrived in good time to give notice of my meeting; but the weather was quite unfavorable in the morning. In the afternoon the sun shone, and more people came out. During the week following, I made several new acquaintances; and last week, we formed a Society, and an Association Auxilliary to the A. U. A. In expectation of aid from the Parent Association, the Society have pledged themselves to build a meeting-house of some description or other, within the next twelve months. What is better than all, I have gathered a church here consisting of eight or nine members; and yesterday I administered the ordinance of baptism to a gentleman of this place, and afterwards the Lord's Supper. It was an interesting occasion to us all, our minds reverting, to our friends beyond the lakes and mountains, who, we are sure, sympathise with us in our struggles, *if they do not aid us.* But it will be time enough to add the last clause when we have applied to them for assistance and they have refused it. As this was my last Sabbath here for the present, and the attendance had been good through the day, I preached again at 8 o'clock in the evening Thus end my four or five week's labor here (first and last) as an Evangelist. Though I am now to be absent from the flock five or six weeks—perhaps longer—I feel that I do not leave them without a bond of union. I have taken the liberty to mention to our congregation and recommend the Western Messenger, the Christian Register and the Monitor. I hope that the Tracts which our people may order will be regularly and punctually transmitted to Charles Gilman, Esq. our agent; as we need them much, and they would be a useful kind of preaching, especially in the absence of other.

Our friends here are neither numerous, nor rich. They are chiefly young men; several have families to look after, and taxes imposed by the corporation for purposes of public improvements in and about the village are by no means light. Other religious societies are many, and actively engaged (I would not have it otherwise,—I am glad that it *is* the case,) in building up their own. There are here at least seven regularly organized religious societies, besides Mormons!—and that with a population of only about 2,000. Our friends at the East must therefore see what straits we are in. The society are going to undertake to build a church within the coming year; alone, they cannot well build as yet so large a church as the interests of the society demand. A handsome one, thirty by sixty feet, would cost three thousand dollars—so dear are town lots, and so dear is building here! Shall they, then, erect a mean building, or will their old friends of the eastern churches help them to build a neat one?

June 8, on board the steamboat Ben. Franklin. Took leave of friends at the Quincy House, and vicinage, yesterday afternoon—regretting much that I have to leave so interesting a field of labor, and where so much might be done to good purpose in the way of building up the church.

We have a very quiet time of it on the boat —few passengers, no gambling, no loud swearing, no drinking. As this is a regular packet-boat, we have touched at every little village along the river, Marion city, (Dr. E's folly!) Hannibal, Saverton, Louisiana, Clarksville, Hamburg, &c.; at some of which we have been detained several hours in order to take in wood and freight; which will make us late this afternoon in getting to St. Louis, though our boat moves rapidly when her steam is up.

St. Louis, 6 o'clock P. M. Arrived here in safety; but about one hour too late to see brother Eliot, who, with his party had just left for the east. I shall endeavor not to be found idle at this post, while I occupy it.

Farewell—Yours in Christian friendship,
WILLIAM P. HUNTINGTON.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'What then remains but well our power to use
And keep good humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humor can prevail,
When airs and flights and screams and scolding fail!'
Rape of the Lock.

Aug. 18*th*, 1839.—The same irritability which wears away the temper of the child, poisons the matrimonial cup, and banishes every-thing like comfort from the social board, is apt to make its appearance in our intercourse with our domestics, and adds greatly to the irksomeness of a yoke, which light as it may be, is peculiarly galling to an American. Certainly, our directions are not the less readily understood, or indeed the less likely to receive immediate attention, when they are given with calm perspicuity, and in a cheerful, pleasant tone. The voice which is almost inarticulate with rage, the tongue which falters from the tremulousness of passion can exert no influence over minds which perceive as readily as our own, the folly of such unfeminine excitement. Where no hereditary rank, no long-descended title, compels the servility of the multitude, we can gain the respect and attention of those, whom we too often term our inferiors, only by mental superiority—by active Christian principles, and the exercise of our best faculties for the good of others. Our domestics—they may be foreigners, whose lives have been spent amid poverty and pain, without the advantages of a common English education, without a knowledge of the Christian's creed, who have never been taught the policy of a gentle and quiet demeanor,—and who are utterly unacquainted with the thousand conventions regulating fashionable life—are required to be meek, modest, patient under provocation, and silent when the victims of contemptuous language and unreasonable exaction. But we, who have been the nurslings of affluence and pleasure, who can speak half a dozen languages, and yet in preference make use of the '*vulgar tongue*,' who listen weekly to the words of inspiration, and who are supposed to listen *daily* to the voice of duty—who are perfectly conscious of the dire necessity of 'keeping up appearances,' and who would be exceedingly mortified to have neglected the fit opportunity for the paying of a compliment, or the ministering to the caprice of a friend, are—despite our many advantages, which ought to give us the privilege of laughing at what too frequently renders us indignant or impolite—to be excused in violent language, in the use of unladylike epithets, and the peremptory tone, than which—nothing can be more disagreeable to a dependant's ear. Yes! we are to degrade ourselves with impunity, we are to shower invectives upon those who are perhaps oppressed with sickness or fatigue, and are to receive in return, only deference and obedience! The absurdity of such an expectation, need not be pointed out, it will be apparent to the most prejudiced eye; but as the prevalence of good order and rational subserviency, among our domestics, is the source of much of our social harmony and happiness, even as the want of it induces irregularity, confusion and discontent in every branch of household management, it may be worth while to consider why it is that we invariably expect those who are most excusable in imperfection, to be perfect, and why we invariably blame others, rather than ourselves, when we are disappointed in so very just and reasonable an anticipation. It is from the want of charity—the want of that charity, which has its eye ever open to its own faults, yet covereth a multitude of sins in others. Our dependants are human beings, frail in flesh, frailer in spirit—subject to like infirmities as we are, and perhaps naturally impatient or inactive. Yet we appear to think that they have no business to be ill, no right to be at fault—no necessity in fact, for being anything but *our slaves*! Let us consider how many provocations we give them—how many steps they take for us, and how much useless trouble it seems to be our pleasure to make for them, and shall we not be induced to pardon the trivial impertinence or the slight neglect of duty in them, which we take no pains to prevent or reform in ourselves? In the daily intercourse which exists between a family, and those who thus minister to its comfort, in this country—the fact, that one is the employer, the other the employed, that one pays, and the other *is paid*—is rarely if ever taken into considertion. 'Am I happy, am I well treated—is an interest felt in me and for me by the family in which I live,' is the first question which rises to the domestic's mind; and 'Is she faithful—is she attached to me and mine, careful for my interest as for her own, willing and wakeful,' the first inquiry made by the mistress. If the former is not contented there are situations to be found which will suit her better, and if the latter is dissatisfied with her services, she has but to say so, and they will cease to be rendered. How preposterous then, to dictate to those, who, far more independent of our aid, than we are of theirs, can make themselves useful to another, if not to us. We should regulate our conduct towards them in some respect, as towards our children—we should never do anything in their presence which we would not have them do—never make an observation which we would not have them repeat—nor one which would be likely to lower us in their estimation. We should set them as fair an example, as possible, not only that we may be able to preserve their respect—but that they may not be able to turn to us, for a precedent, when they are reproved for their wilfulness or their negligence. I must confess, that I should not blame that domestic whose mistress in censuring her for insolence or undue familiarity, made use of such expressions, as you 'are an impertinent hussey, a good for nothing jade'—for replying, no matter how contempteously—'I am sure you have set me the example, ma'am.' Again, if we require very exact obedience, in regard to things of trivial importance, if we are very angry when these are neglected, and make as much disturbance about the soiling of a towel, or the misplacing of a duster—as we should about the telling of a falsehood, the use of profanity, or a breach of faith, what wonder if our domestic learn to exaggerate their importance, and we find her active and ready in many of the minor branches of her duty, when her integrity and her truth are very far from passing unsuspected.

I have seen a mother reprove a child as severely for eating a piece of cake, which she had laid aside for herself or for a friend, as she would have done, had the little one stolen a schoolmate's playthings, or screened herself from falsehood by duplicity. I have seen a domestic as angrily addressed, when she had folded a napkin awry, forgotten a salt spoon, or overfilled a glass, as she would have been had she cheated her employer or defied her God! And in neither case does the evil stop here. The child is thus taught to value disproportionately a sensual, though perhaps harmless indulgence, and the dependant to care more for the outside than the inside—to *whitewash* her services, so that they may bear a cursory, although they would shrink from a thorough inspection.

In all situations, gentleness and sweetness command respect. Patience, untiring and unremitting, is in itself a reproof, and it will impress itself upon the most vulgar—the most uneducated mind, as something which is above its reach. Nothing is more irritating to one who has striven to provoke, than the consciousness of failure, but regret for having grieved one who could not be angered, follow fast upon the footsteps of disappointment. Patience teaches its own lesson, one word from one who is habitually yielding, considerate and thoughtful, has five times the power, that twenty can have, from the lips of the woman who is in the habit of speaking before she thinks, and of expressing a great deal more than she feels. Consistency is eminently a Christian virtue, and no character can deserve our esteem or command our reverence, which cannot claim some share of it. We must practise what we teach—if we would have others sweet tempered and self-restraining, let us be so too, and prove to them, that we are experienced physicians—and not quacks, afraid of our own nostrums. It will not do for the 'bas bleu' to eulogize the merits of order and neatness, or enlarge upon the necessity of personal cleanliness, if her literary sanctuary give evidence of disorder's presence—or her cerulean hose, betray her negligent use of her needle—neither will it answer for the advocate of *peace* to ascend the rostrum with inflated cheeks, a swelling chest, and wide distended eye; but let its still small voice lift itself gradually above the murmuring of the multitude, and by its very gentleness demand the attention of the public; let it be true to its own principles, illustrate its own theory, and it cannot fail of success.

C. W. H.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 31, 1839.

AN ORATION delivered on the Fourth of July, 1839, before the citizens of Nashua, without distinction of party. By Samuel Osgood.

We have read it with much satisfaction. If the day of our country's birth produced *many* of similar character it would be one of holy joy and improvement—a political Sabbath. It would leave our people more worthy of their history and position, better fitted to perform the high duties and accomplish the glorious destinies before them. Mr Osgood rose far above all party prejudice and passion. He is moved only by the noble sentiments, associations and hopes that become the occasion. He takes his stand on a serene elevation. The past in its thrilling and wondrous realities—the future with its beneficent promises and rich harvests of good, pass in review before him. He contemplates both with calm, lofty, confident enthusiasm. He speaks the sentiments that every Christian and every patriot should cherish. He sheds on the fierce contests of party the most soothing and generous influences. He has done the work which every minister of Christ ought to do as he has opportunity. Most of our clergy we suppose stand aloof from the political warfare that is raging through the community. They have formed opinions and adopted principles in regard to these subjects. But they see so much that is illiberal, unchristian, wicked, in the spirit and practices of the parties, they are not willing to associate themselves, intimately, with either. They witness on both sides hypocrisy, falsehood, fraud, the basest arts and the most reckless ambition. The contemplation is disgusting to taste and piety. It is abhorrent to every feeling that gives dignity to man, to every emotion that elevates a Christian. They therefore as far as possible, keep beyond the sphere of every political influence and passion. This is natural, but is it right? Have they not duties as citizens to perform? Have they not obligations to discharge? Are they not bound, by every consideration, to do what they can to promote the peace and welfare of the community? As those who are set to watch for, and guard the moral and spiritual interests of the people, have they not something to do? As the servants of Christ and the God of love, can they do nothing to soften these fierce conflicts and storms, to allay these wrathful waves, to appease this dragon, that is devouring all that is honest, amiable, lovely and good among us? Can they not infuse the leaven of a better, more fair, more liberal spirit into the hot, political mass, that is rolling in desolation and triumph through our land? No one, who observes, can doubt for a moment, that the temper, modes, and means that prevail in the promotion of party purposes, are an abundant source of moral degradation. They are blighting, to all that is tender, honorable, true and magnanimous in the souls of men. Their influence is a baptism from hell. It fills the bosom with a brood of vipers. It spoils the spirit of every grace and excellence. It is bigoted and brutal. It hardens the heart, and overshadows the countenance. Must the minister of religion look on and say nothing? Why should he not speak plainly, boldly? Why should he not warn his people of their danger, of the deadly poison they are daily drinking in? Why should he not apply the spirit and principles of Christ to all their doings and relations? Of what effect will it be for him to preach and exhort, while this pestilence is in every house. It is in the church. It contaminates the altars of God. It mingles with the cup of communion and fellowship. It is thoroughly Anti-Christ. He can do something. And what he can do, he should do. The course pursued by Mr Osgood is the right one. He speaks the truth we think in regard to several matters. One party among us has been accused of a desire and purpose to violate the rights of property. The charge is unjust. It is preposterous. Is it possible any number of our people can be so mad, so blind? The government of this country is in the hands of the middling interest, our mechanics, farmers, good-livers. What possible motive can they have to render property insecure? They would only injure themselves. Will they shatter the shield that protects them in the enjoyment of their earnings and homes? Would they, for the sake of a little immediate plunder, sell for themselves and their children the dearest bought, the richest inheritance the sun has ever shed his beams on? They are not so foolish. The charge is a libel on the correct feelings and the good sense of our people. They *can* have no interest apart from the interest, the prosperity, the glory of the country. It is as silly as it is unjust. It will only return, with vengeance, on those who make it. It is said our professional men are treated with suspicion and disrespect. This is not true to any extent. Our people, unfortunately for some, have a good share of shrewdness and sagacity. They are not easily imposed upon. They very soon discover formality, weakness and pretension. Mere assumption, however respectable in appearance and precise in terms, cannot win their respect and confidence. They want ability, reality, sincerity. And they generously honor all that deserve well. We do not believe any man that is industrious, faithful, useful, has any cause to complain. Certainly such cases are rare. We doubt if in any country, true worth, real, useful power, is more highly appreciated or justly rewarded. We have marked the following passages in the oration.

'What is the vital principle of our republic? Upon what is our government based? Let us consider this question warily, for it is often answered unworthily. It is not unusual for it to be said, that the great charter of our liberties lies in the absolute sovereignty of the people. But such is not the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence. That declaration does not base the right of freedom, or any of the rights of man, upon the power of the people, or any other human power, whether of priest, king, noble, or legislature. It regards the rights of man as not given by any charter or any grant, but as natural, divine, and unalienable. Justice, eternal justice is the great charter of human freedom. The people themselves hold their liberties on this basis. Their power is not justly absolute; their will, although the highest human authority, is not sovereign. Whenever any human power arrogates to itself absolute soveregnity, it becomes a tyranny, no matter what its name, whether monarchy, aristocracy, or republic. What gratitude do we owe our fathers, that in the very time when it was most needful to magnify the powers of the people, they still owned a power above the people, not the power of king, or priest, but the majesty of right and the God of right. Right, that is the highest power acknowledged by our government. The most important rights are placed by our Constitution entirely beyond the power of legislation. And those rights, which are subject to legal regulation, are made so upon principles of justice, that are equally applicable to all. Noble doctrine, righteous principles, supremacy of equal justice. I am proud, Fellow Citizens, standing before you on this day, that celebrates the freedom and power of the people, to renew the solemn declaration of our fathers, that there is a power above you, and you are not absolute sovereigns. Your votes cannot make wrong to be right; and should the time ever be, when the majority of this people should vote to deprive the humblest citizen of his equal rights, they would strike a blow at the very charter of their own rights, and commit high treason against their blood-bought liberties, and against the majesty of justice.

'Now at this Jubilee of her glory, nobly may our couutry bow to the power above her. Instead of saying, like the Assyrian king, 'By the strength of my hand I have done it,' let her bend reverently to justice, which is the charter of her liberties, and to the God in whose bosom justice has her eternal throne.'

'It is glorious to believe, that in this free land, all those arts and sciences that refine and elevate the soul, will have the same success as has attended those arts and sciences, that relate more immediately to the animal wants. Here poetry and eloquence, history and philosophy shall flourish, freed from the shackles, that cramp their development in the old world. Here poetry shall speak and sing no laureate lay to the vanities of courts, but strains, that the soul of Man shall echo. Here the historian shall record the lessons of experience, not such a record of folly as history usually is, a chronicle of court-gossip, or battle statistics, telling nothing of what took place in the homes of the people, or what was the relation of their wages to their wants, or what their opinions and feelings, but a true record of man as he has been in past time, and in the several stages of his education until the present era. Here the orator shall speak, and shall have the people for his audience; and he shall speak no set form of words, carefully addressed to cold and fastidious ears, but burning words to souls, that true eloquence from the heart and to the heart, will always inspire and inflame. Even within a few years American literature has taken a new start, and, more than of old to American principle, it bids fair to equal, by its own independent course, that European literature, which it could only caricature by servile imitation. Already we have poets, orators, historians, who are proud of the American name, and of whom the American name is proud. Even from the workshops, where the mechanic arts are followed, many distinguished artists have risen, and promise to do something towards giving our country the name, claimed by republics of old, of the home of the beautiful arts.'

'Equal rights we trust shall make all arts flourish, and each to aid and favor the other. Even now the masses with us enjoy privileges, that are confined to the favored few in the old world, and many an American mechanic has time and means not only to gain his daily bread, and provide against future want, but also to cultivate literature and refine his tastes. Even the beautiful arts are now brought within reach of the great majority, and for a comparative trifle, the working-man may adorn his parlor with the choice productions of the engraver's skill, and thereby of the painter's genius. Highly favored indeed is the New England mechanic. The institutions of education and religion number him among their best benefactors. May it ever be thus, and New England be ever proud of her mechanics, and her mechanics proud of her. Walking a few weeks since with a gentleman of a distant state in the cemetery, that so adorns our town, we saw a spectacle, which struck his attention at once, and led him to contrast the favored lot of New England with other lands. 'What a commentary on New England!' said he. 'In many places mechanics are so ground down, as to think only of daily bread. But there, you tell me, is a blacksmith erecting a handsome enclosure around the grave of his daughter in that consecrated grove, and by that work of his own hands, he shows that taste, parental affection, and religous faith dwell in his soul, and that labor need not cramp or materialize the spirit.'

TRADITIONS OF PALESTINE. By Harriet Martineau.

This little work is too well known and esteemed, to need any commendation from us. We are aware that some sensible and pious people have objected to its design and tendency. They say that fiction should never be suffered to approach, with unhallowed steps, the Son of God, that imagination should seek out less sacred subjects on which to exercise and waste its powers. We confess we do not, in the least, feel the force of these objections. There is not the remotest danger of mixing fancy with facts. The gospels, the authentic records of his life, are established in sole authority. Their supremacy is not liable, at this time, to the least encroachment. Neither need we fear any unworthy associations will be formed with Christ's character. Its qualities and affections, its divine beauty and grandeur are so clearly perceived and defined that the ascription of an inappropriate or unbecoming act, sentiment or expression would be at once detected. No mists and shadows can, in this way, be thrown around the Sun of Righteousness. The gospels are mere outlines. Who has not longed to know more of the familiar details of his life, to see him as a son, brother, friend, to observe how his mighty, inspired soul acted, in the more tender and ordinary relations? Who has not called on his imagination to fill up the many scenes that are merely suggested? Who has not followed him to the dwellings of the poor and afflicted, to the groves and gardens of meditation, conflict, joy and prayer? Who has not gone with him through the quiet vales, and the green pastures, beside the gently flowing streams and the calm seas, over the rosy fields and the cool, dewy mountains of Judea? Who has not been with him as he leaned on his mother's breast, fondled little children, plucked the fresh lilies, mingled his sympathies with the wretched, and rejoiced with the happy? Who has not, in his own way, composed many books of this character? We think several similar to Miss Martineau's, might be written with excellent effect. They would open another, a tender, and a winning access to our Savior. His rich and holy influences would descend upon us through channels, thus opened by the hand of genius, guided and sanctified by fervent and elevated devotion. It is true there are few who could do it with any success. It is only a spirit into which Jesus has shed his gentlest, purest, loveliest, selectest influences that has any right to attempt it. That Miss Martineau did well in this effort, there is abundant evidence. It has been praised by those most capable of judging. It is pervaded by a gentleness, a tenderness, a beauty and dignity that leave little to regret.

We can hardly recognise any traces of the same mind in some of her later productions. In the pursuit of economy and politics, we fear, she has wandered far from the stream that flows fast by the oracles of God. We hope she will yet return to her first love.

This new edition of the traditions of Palestine, is published by Wm. Crosby & Co.

SUNDAY MORNING REFLECTIONS.

This little volume is filled with a series of essays, first published in a New York periodical, called the Sunday Morning News. It contains many very good reflections. The author professes to have a deep interest in religious subjects. We know no reason why he should not be believed. In fact he could not have written as he has in these pages, if he had not reflected much and deeply. We receive gladly and respect every man's sober thoughts on matters of everlasting interest. We wish that more serious, reflective individuals would express freely and fully their thoughts. It would do much good. We should then be able to understand the condition of the more enlightened and thinking portion of the community in regard to these things and the kind of efforts most needed. Religious periodicals do not act wisely to frown on productions of this kind. Make it prudent and politic for intelligent persons to be dishonest and hypocritical, and a deep injury is done to the best of causes. They thereby undermine the foundations of piety and poison the *life blood of society. Frankness is a quality* that need never be feared. Religion suffers, infinitely more, from hollow-headed pretenders, than open contemners. The railer's folly and impiety deserves only pity and abhorrence. But ingenuousness and sincerity, of all kinds, we heartily respect. And there will never again be true faith on the earth, till all sorts of men are encouraged, to expose fearlessly their thoughts on these subjects. The leaven of hypocrisy blights the whole soul. There is more danger from false Pharisees than honest Sadducees. We have read a large part of this book with interest, and we believe with more profit than many grave, labored treatises on theology. Some of the remarks we do not like. And there is throughout a sprinkling of that kind of speculation that is calculated to excite and fix attention. We do not commend it because we think it, in all respects correct—but because the writer thinks for himself and frankly expresses his thoughts. And to repeat, we value the serious thoughts of every man on subjects of religion. It can be read with some advantage and no harm. As to its previous mode of publication we are not so clear. Whether it is well for a devout man to countenance the issue of papers on the Sabbath, many may doubt. We know not, however what may be said in regard to this particular case.

REVIEW OF PARKER AND FOX'S GRAMMAR; Part I. Published by several of the friends of real improvement.

The publishers state in their advertisement, that

This review was prepared at the request of several persons, (having a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of the public Schools of this city,) who had become satisfied that the teachers employed in these important institutions, had for some time exerted an undue influence in the selection of elementary school books—such an influence as to preclude the introduction, by the School Committee, of any work, however meritorious it might be, unless prepared by one of their own number; and to open the eyes of the public generally to this fact, it is now published.

It may not be improper here to remark, that this article is one a series, from the pens of different writers, touching the works now in use in our schools, which will follow, unless a *proper test of merit* shall hereafter be applied by the Committee in the selection of books to be used in the Schools under their charge.

We hardly believe the series in contemplation will be of much service, unless the articles are written with less flippancy and more precision than the Review before us. Indeed, we are sorry that those, who style themselves the 'friends of *real* improvement,' should not have taken a higher aim than that set forth in the advertisement. Our school-books need amendment. And the best way to effect this, is to call attention to *our school system.* The fault, if there be one, lies in our modes of instruction.

Let, therefore, these modes form the subject of critical and liberal discussion. If they can be amended, let us learn how. If a change is desirable and feasible, let us make it. School books, meantime, may be left to take care of themselves.

We lately expressed a hope that less reliance would ere long be placed *upon books* in the *work of education.* We would add that this hope is peculiarly strong in relation to all manuals that profess to teach children the Grammar of our language. We have long been of opinion that the use of our native tongue may be taught with much greater facility and certainty by pursuing a different course from that hitherto pursued.

Children, we have thought, might commence with practical exercises in simple and elementary sounds. Next, they might repeat simple words. And lastly, they might repeat simple sentences. In each of these exercises the teacher would first give them all the sounds she wished to have produced. And if she should introduce, at the same time, the use of objects connected with the sounds, she would do not a little towards making the acquisition of language as natural and effective in the school-room, as we all know it to be in the nursery. Why should not the teacher thus take a lesson from every intelligent mother?

Next to this elementary training, let the practice be established of requiring the children to give extempore and verbal accounts of whatever has lately fallen within their notice. Let the utmost vigilance, at this time, be exercised by the teacher over what the pupils say. Let no error of pronunciation or expression be suffered to go unnoticed. Let the utmost ease and pleasantness be aimed at—but let not accuracy or elegance be lost sight of, for a moment. The children will thus merely learn *to talk*, it may be said. True, they will merely learn 'to talk.' But they, who know what a great art that, of itself, is—they, who perceive how completely it gives one the command, or unlocks the mysteries, of his vernacular tongue, will not be disposed to think the pupil's time misspent. We verily believe that, if half the pains were expended in teaching children to *talk* that are given to less important matters, their reading, writing, grammar, logic, rhetoric would all be greatly benefitted. Besides this practice in conversation, let the children first hear correct and elegant reading from their teacher—and then be trained to copy her example as closely as possible. Especially let them *understand every thing they read.* It is vastly more important that they should learn the purpose that directed the author's pen, than know by what rule his verb governs his noun.

After this course of preliminary training—that is, after the children have learned *how to speak* and *how to read*, let them continue to practise both, till the correct use of their native tongue shall have become habitual and they shall have acquired a store of its treasures from the writings of the best authors.

When old enough to understand, and profit by, so abstract a study, let them be made acquainted with the best treatises in Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric.

In support of these positions we might adduce

the authority of Locke, Lord Kames, and others, who were of opinion that a language is better taught by illustrations than by rules, and that the rules may be inferred from the illustrations when the intellectual powers become matured. Perhaps, the following may be worth quoting in conclusion:—'The late learned orientalist, Professor Matthew Lumisden, used to contend that the only branch of human science in which the oriental could claim precedence over Europeans, was universal grammar. In the course of studies at the Hindoo academies we find ten years devoted to grammar, and one and a half, to the dictionary. No great wonder, then, that the minds of many students become confused by the abstract nature of these investigations, and many of them are considered by the vulgar, as little better than fools.'—*London Quarterly, April* 1839.

SEWELL'S DAILY DEVOTIONS.

Few things, we apprehend, are more difficult to accomplish in a manner, that shall satisfy the demands of a correct and elevated taste than the composition of prayers. If a person goes to the work as a task, for the purpose of filling a volume of certain dimensions, he will most certainly fail. Devotional sentiment will not suffer its divine beauty and power to be bartered. It will not descend from heaven—the bosom of God at such bidding. No coals from the everlasting altars, will touch the lips and the heart with fire. The holy spirit will be grieved. He may collect a certain amount of devout words and expressions. He may pour forth, with labored intensity, an abundance of prescriptive, devotional phrases. But they will only chill. They are stiff, formal, lifeless. They are destitute of warmth, energy, inspiration. They are too loose, general and vague to possess any efficiency. The language of prayer should be simple, precise, vivid. It should clearly, forcibly and beautifully express the deepest, tenderest and loftiest sentiments of our nature. But the mind can seize upon such words only when profoundly active in reference to its most touching and sublime relations.

An individual of much and cultivated religious fervor and feeling, might write in seasons of more than ordinary emotion, when the living waters were stirred as by an angel, for his own benefit, and such compositions may be of advantage to others. But an effort to *make* prayers is not likely to be successful. We here, if any where, want reality, sincerity, true pathos and power. Attempts of this kind have not been successful. Several books of devotion, however, have appeared, within a few years, which have gained some degree of popularity and done some good. We have distributed many in our parochial capacity, and have generally found they were read with interest and improvement. Their frequent perusal imparts a facility of expression which the heads of many families are in want of. It thus, in some cases, leads to the permanent introduction of religious exercises. The man, that is induced to read a prayer or two, daily, it is probable, will become a sincerely prayerful man. A minister does well and wisely that gets these books into as many families as he well can. And without instituting comparisons, we think, the one mentioned is deserving attention. Without saying that it, in any high degree, sstisfies us, it has considerable excellence, several fine qualities. It cannot be used but with profit. It is for sale at the store of James Munroe & Co.

CALEB STRONG.

The last Quarterly Register contains an ably written and we have no reason to doubt a just account of the life, labors and character of the late Governor. Many of us were educated in violent prejudices against him. We were taught to view him as the enemy of his country's freedom and honor—to class him with Judas and Arnold. His name was associated with all that is most base and wicked in purpose and character. And as we gained a more correct estimate of the man, how were we surprised and shocked at the wrong we had done him and ourselves! There is every reason to believe that he was a most honest and conscientious man. He was a patriot and a Christian. He may have been mistaken. Perhaps he was a little too obstinate. But his integrity, in all the rerations he sustained, in all the places he filled, is above suspicion. It has been quite a severe task for the young men of the present generation to disabuse their minds and free their hearts of the unjust prejudices which had been instilled and fixed in them. Parents do very badly, cruelly when they thus harden and pervert the feelings of their children; open within them a fountain of bitterness; fill their spirits with gnawing worms; pour the fierce, hot streams of party passion into their gentle bosoms. It is a deep and lasting injury. It is a foul wrong to their souls. It is a source of bigotry, irritation and degradation. One such prejudice, deeply rooted, planted and nurtured by those most loved and venerated, may do incalculable injury to the forming and growing character. It may, it must spoil it of much beauty, fairness, generosity and liberality—its brightest ornaments—its best treasures. It is a serpent that will continue to sting and poison through life. The stains and traile it leaves on the soul, all the waters in the sweet heavens can hardly wash out. To hate a good man is a great sin. It is akin to that against the holy spirit, which is never forgiven. Was it not such a prejudice that inflamed multitudes against Jesus, that enabled them to look with joy on his agonies? Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? This simple question chilled every better feeling. We beg parents to beware what sentiments they express before their children in reference to distinguished individuals. If they have any concern for their children's highest happiness and welfare, let them place a guard upon their lips. If their sons in after life shall find they were deceived, though honestly, they lose vastly in their confidence, gratitude and respect. The following is the concluding passage of the article.

'As early as the year 1772, having publicly avowed his conviction of the divine authority of the Scriptures, and his cordial reliance upon Jesus Christ, as the only foundation of his hopes, he was received into the Congregational church, then the only one existing in Northampton, and continued an exemplary member of it until the time of his death. His theological sentiments were those of a moderate Calvinist. In early life, he had indulged some doubts, as to the strict divinity of our Savior; but after the most diligent investigation, and as he often said, a careful and repeated perusal of the whole of the New Testament, for the express purpose of settling his faith upon that subject, those doubts were dispelled. But though his religious opinions were ever after such as to entitle him to the character of an Orthodox Christian, he never suffered himself to push the truths of the Bible to their supposed extreme consequences, but endeavored to receive them with all the simplicity with which they were revealed; and such were his views of Christian charity, and so strengthened were they by the embarrassments he had experienced, that he might almost have been suspected, by honest though less catholic minds, of cherishing opinions of a questionable nature, merely from his reluctance to charge others with criminality, or obvious error who adopted them.

In 1777 he married *Sarah Hooker*, a daughter of the Rev. John Hooker, a gentleman of great worth and high respectability in his profession, who had succeeded the elder President Edwards, as the minister of Northampton. Mrs Strong died February 12, 1817, and the inscription upon the monument over her grave prepared by her husband, bears ample testimony, as well to the sources of his own consolation and support under the pressure of calamity, as to the unusual loveliness of her character, and their mutual happiness during a long series of years. Five of their children, three of them in infancy, died during his life; four, two sons and two daughters, still survive him.

The public life of Gov. Strong is before the world; impartial history will do him justice. No man ever sacrificed more of his private wishes and natural habits, than he did, for the service of the public. No one ever acted from purer or better motives. His errors, if he committed any, were errors of opinion, in which a vast majority of his constituents erred with him, and he was sustained by those, whose advice he had a constitutional right to ask, and obtained. In the fever of the times, they may all have been led astray, and in other times, they may have been misjudged, by those whose opinions had been fortified by success. Future events may reverse the decree.

As to his private virtues, there is no occasion for further comment. In this sketch he has been traced from earliest youth; and the testimony of his fellow townsmen, the country in which he lived, and of the people of the Commonwealth, so frequently given, shuts out all question on that subject. All remember how mildly, when in power, he bore sway; how simple, unaffected, and yet how dignified, was his demeanor. Prudence, firmness, and wisdom, were the leading features of his character, and for these qualities he was proverbial.

If a poet or a painter would wish to give a vivid personification of one of the most accomplished of those Pilgrim Fathers, who, by virtue of their natural or acquired superiority, became rulers over the holy band, no model could have been selected so perfect as Caleb Strong. Like them, he was wise, virtuous, and pious, resolute in a good cause, and trusting to the providence of God in all things. In one respect, he was their superior. Professing the same faith, he was, owing to the increased light of the times in which he lived, more charitable. He condemned no man's faith, unnecessarily, for differing from his own, but delighted in the exhibition of Christian virtues, in any of the sects which divide the Christian world. Let his example be followed by all who admire his character.

Very little need be added, as to the intellectual endowments of the subject of these remarks. He was not ambitious of literary distinction, nor in the midst of his various and multiplied public labors, had he time to acquire it. His eminence at the bar, the selection of him for a seat on the bench, and his high reputation in the Senates of his country, are ample proofs, that his knowledge was extensive and various. His addresses to the Legislature, during the first period of his administration, as Governor of the State, have been collected into a volume, and they afford a fine specimen, of clear, easy, and intelligible style and profoud thought. All his public communications, are of the first order of English composition. In short, both intellectually and morally, he was highly endowed, and he will always be ranked among the decidedly great and good men of our Commonwealth and country.

The few last years of his life, during the whole of which he had been distinguished for his remarkable purity of mind, were spent in retirement. He superintended the cultivation of a few paternal acres around him, and devoted much of his time to the study of the Scriptures, and the perusal of such works of theology, history, or fiction, as fell in his way. He had committed to memory large portions of the preceptive and poetical parts of the Bible, and innumerable passages from the devotional writings of the more eminent English poets. For some months before his death, his sight became so impaired, that it was with great difficulty he could read at all by candle light, and when not occupied by company, or the members of his own family, he was accustomed to pass much of his time, during the evening, in reflecting upon the stores of scriptural or devotional sentiment, which his memory had treasured up for that purpose in early life. Thus, many of the hours, which might otherwise have hung heavily upon his hands, were filled up with meditations of the most interesting and appropriate nature.

He died suddenly, and with scarcely a moment's premonition, at his residence in Northampton, on the evening of the Sabbath, November 7, 1819. He had attended church during the whole day, and early in the evening, being slightly indisposed, his family physician was called in, and had hardly left him, believing he would soon be well, when, without a groan, or even a sigh, he expired.

'Along the gentle slope of life's decline,
He bent his gradual way, till full of years,
He dropp'd, like mellow fruit into his grave.'

'A plain marble monument, erected to his memory in the midst of the sepulchres of his fathers, with the following simple inscription, marks the place of his interment.

In the memory of
CALEB STRONG,
late
Governor of Massachusetts,
who
after a life
eminent for piety
and devotion to the public service,
died
Nov. 7, 1839,
in the 75th year of his age.
'The memory of the just is blessed.'

The Quarterly Charity lecture on Sunday evening next, will be preached in the Federal Street Church, in consequence of the Old South church now undergoing repair.

The Christian Examiner for September, is published. We have not had time to examine its contents. The subjects are of a very interesting character, and we have every reason to believe they are ably treated.

We understand that Rev. John Lewis Russell has entered into an engagement, to become the Pastor of the Congregational Church in Chelmsford.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of Fifty one Dollars from the Auxiliary Association at Hallowell, and of Thirty Dollars from the ladies of the First Unitarian Society at Hallowell to constitute their Pastor, Rev. Jonathan Cole, a life member of the American Unitarian Association.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:

From Needham Auxiliary Society.	$7
From Gloucester Auxiliary Society.	15
From Medfield Auxiliary Society.	32
From Kingston Auxiliary Society.	3
From Northboro' Auxiliary Society.	40
From Watertown Auxiliary Association, omitted in previous account.	27
From Rev. C. T. Thayer, for Tracts.	7 61
From Leicester Auxiliary Society, bal. old account.	4 34
From W. and S. B. Ives of Salem, for Tracts.	18 62
From G. Merrill of Philadelphia, for Tracts.	16 17
From W. Dedham Auxiliary Society.	12
From Medfield Auxiliary Society.	4
From Watertown Auxiliary Society.	26
From Uxbridge Auxiliary Society.	4
From N. Andover Auxiliary Society.	30
From South Bridgewater Auxiliary Society.	19
From Northfield Auxiliary Society.	21
From Northfield—donation.	3
Sales of Tracts, since April 1, 1838.	88 40

INTELLIGENCE.

The late Rev. Wm. V. Thacher.—The Savannah Republican of the 26th ult. contains the following paragraph:

'We know of no circumstance of late, that has caused more regret than hearing of the decease of the Rev. Wm. V. Thacher, minister of the Unitarian Church in this city. It is stated that Mr. Thacher died on board the brig Savannah, on his passage to New York. Mr. T's intention on arriving here last December, we have always understood, was to remain among us permanently—but being a native of a northern city, (Boston) and becoming debilitated from close study, he was advised to visit his family at the North. But, alas! he is to them no more. We cannot speak in stronger terms of Mr. Thacher, than by saying that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and a correct and pious man—one who not only gained the esteem of his congregation, but was universally respected. The Unitarian Society have been deprived of a young man, whose talent and progressive research would have done credit to the world.'

Temperance Movement in South Carolina.—The people in some parts of South Carolina are seeking to abolish the laws licensing the retail of ardent spirits. On the 22d ult., at a meeting in Prince William's parish, a memorial to the legislature was unanimously adopted, praying that the sale of spirituous liquors may be restricted to apothecaries and druggists, and that all others may be prohibited from selling in less quantities than twenty gallons. The subject is agitated in different sections of the state, and will be brought before the legislature at their next session. In many counties it is expected that the elections will turn on the question whether the candidate is favourable] or unfavorable to the license law.

Mr. Prescott has been furnished by the Royal Academy of Madrid with a mass of valuable and yet unpublished documents, to aid the prosecution of his work upon the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. This substantial compliment has been paid by the Academy as a testimony of its high approbation of Mr. Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is most gratifying to record these advances of the literary reputation of the country, due to sterling talent and well directed industry. The mean standard in literature which is upheld by many American periodicals, professedly devoted to belles letters, has, in our opinion, done much to foster aspirations of a class of witless and half educated writers. Their crude productions once upon the bookseller's counter, necessarily affect the circulation of good books, vitiating the taste of immature readers, and circumscribing the just rewards of truly gifted writers. Conceding the point that a vast amount of sheer trash issues from the British press, it is still true that the general gauge of critisism is far more elevated than in this country. The small fry whose names are constantly paraded in certain American journals and magazines as accomplished writers, could never in England command the ordinary notice of a respectible print. We have seen a list of 'literati' of Philadelphia, for instance, in which was included persons whose greatest mental effort never exceeded a few stanzas or a newspaper paragraph, and who for want of solid education and mental discipline, to say nothing of genius, are wholly incapable of a well digested composition upon any subject, either in prose or verse. Among the very few true statements in Captain Marryat's Diary, is the assertion of the insufficiency of the American course of education for liberal pursuits Solid learning, that system of continued and duly guided study, which corrects false intellectual estimates, gives to peculiar talents their just direction, and establishes in the mind a lofty and severe criterion of taste, these are too commonly, we may say almost universally, wanting even in our colleges of the highest repute. The branches of education are numerous; so numerous, that of many only a very superficial knowledge can be acquired. A degree is obtained at the age of sixteen or eighteen, and before the ink is quite dry upon the parchment, the graduate, if his object be the acquisition of a literary name, finds easy access to the press and wins glowing compliments at the hands of many of its conductors. If by nature and circumstances he is impudent and affected, his chances of success even without the college honors, will be the greater with this class of journalists. Of American authors living or dead, how many will be known after the lapse of a generation? For the sake of the truly gifted and great, whose proper honors in their own day are diluted among a numberless fraternity of scribblers, we are happy to believe that the category which reaches posterity will be reduced to a very small compass. We are jealous as any contemporary can be of our country's reputation in belles-lettres, as in other honorable and ameliorating pursuits; but we must express our conviction that it is materially injured, by the puppyish pretensions of undisciplined and unpractised pens. As we began this paragraph with Mr. Prescott, we may remark that to minds and labors such as his, his countrymen are doubly indebted, for the instruction which with the rest of the world they receive from his works, and for the credit thus accruing to the literature of the country. When noting above the facilities afforded this able historian by the Royal Academy of Madrid, in the prosecution of his present task, we omitted to mention that he had been elected a member of that association.—*National Gazette.*

The Hon. Artemas Ward, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of this Commonwealth, has resigned that office, which he has held from the first establishment of the court.

Yale College.—The exercises of Commencement at Yale College on Wednesday last, are spoken of in the New-Haven Herald, as partaking of greater uniformity of excellence than usual. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 93 graduates. About 40 graduates received the degree of A. M. The honorary degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon the Hon. Chancellor Walworth, of New York.

Harvard University.—The Annual Commencement at Harvard University took place on Wednesday.

The following was the order of exercises:

Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1. Salutatory Oration in Latin. Francis Parkman Hurd, Exeter, N. H.
2. A Conference. 'Sterne, Rabelais, and Cervantes.' Henry David Austin, Charlestown; John Ganson, Le Roy, N. Y.; George Hayward, Boston.
3. An Essay. 'Pelham, as an Example for Young Men.' Cornelius Marchant Vinson, Dorchester.
4. A Conference. 'The difference of Feeling in the Young and Old with regard to Innovation.' Joseph Lewis Danforth, Louisville, Ky; George Williams, Baltimore, Md.
5. A Conference. 'War, Commerce, and Missionary Enterprises, as Means of Civilizing Barbarous Countries.' Samuel Jennison, Worcester; John Waldo Lincoln, Worcester; Wm. Edward Townsend, Boston.
6. A Poem. Thomas Dawes, Cambridge.
7. A Colloquy. 'Of Establishing a Univerity in the Country or in a City.' Pliny Earle Chase, Worcester; Bermus Bemus Whittemore, Peterborough, N. H.

Music

8. A Philosophical Disquisition. 'The Life and Services of Linnæus.' Benjamin Marston Watson, Plymouth.
9. A Literary Disquisition. 'The Observance of Poetical Justice of Fictitious Writings.' James Gore King, New York, N. Y.
10. A Critical Disquisition. 'Greek and Roman Comedy.' John Kebler, Roxbury.
11. A Philosophical Discussion. 'Education, as aiming to develope all the Faculties equally, or to foster Individual Peculiarities of Taste and Intellect.' Samuel Elliot Guild, Boston; Justin Allen Jacobs, Cambridge.
12. A Philosophical Discussion. 'Utility of Chemical Knowledge to Professional Men.' Henry Melville Parker, Boston.
13. A Forensic Disputation. 'Is there any Objection to a Man's proposing himself for Public Office, and using Means to obtain it.' Chas. Mayo Ellis, Roxbury; Francis Brown Hayes, South Berwick, Me.

Music.

14. A Dissertation. 'The Geological Age of the World.' Caleb William Loring, Boston.
15. A Forensic Disputation. 'Does Proselytism favor the Progress of Truth?' John Clark Adams, Lyons, N. Y.; Bela Farwell Jacobs, Cambridge.
16. A Dissertation. 'Agitation as a Means of effecting Reforms.' Alexander Calvin Washburn, Boston.
17. A Deliberative Discussion. 'The Expediency of Religious Establishments under any Form of Civil Government.' Moses Davis, Barnard, Vt.; Samuel Longfellow, Portland, Me.
18. A Dissertation. 'The Conflict of Duties.' Charles Henry Brigham, Cambridge.
19. An English Oration. 'A Modern Canon of Criticism.' Nathaniel Holmes Morrison, Peterborough, N. H.
20. An English Oration. 'Supposed Degeneracy of the Age.' Edward Everett Hale, Boston.

Music.

An English Oration. 'The Old Age of the Scholar.' Samuel Eliot, Boston.

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.

1. An Oration in English. 'No Good that is Possible, but shall one day be Real.' Mr Robert Bartlett, Cambridge.
2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin. Mr Samuel Breck Craft, Boston.

Commencement.—The exercises of Commencement, at the University of Cambridge, were performed yesterday according to the programme published in yesterday's paper. * * * The performances were in general excellent, highly creditable to the talents of the young gentlemen who officiated, and to those who have taken a share in the course of instruction. The subjects were discussed with an intelligence, good sense, and ingenuity which well rewarded the attention of the hearer, without offending the taste with that which is either common place, or far fetched and extravagant. The style both of writing and elocution was good—simple, unaffected, appropriate to the subjects and to the occasion, without tameness or bombast, without monotony, or excessive action, and excitement. * * * We believe it to have been the prevalent sentiment of the auditors that the College has on no former public exhibition, given more satisfactory evidence of the success of the course of instruction there given, than on the present occasion.

Sixty one young gentlemen were admitted to the degree of A. B.

A large number were admitted in course to the degrees of A. M. and M. D., and twenty-four to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

The Honorary degree of L. L. D. was conferred on the Hon Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and on James Graham, of Great Britain, author of the History of the United States.

The Honorary degree of D D. was conferred on Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood of Boston; Rev. Orville Dewey of New York, and Rev. G. R. Noyes.—*Advertiser.*

Earthquake at Martinique.—A letter from the United States Consul at St. Pierre, Augustt 2, 1839, states that on that morning, at twenty five minutes past two o'clock, the inhabitants were awakened by two very severe shocks of an earthquake, each of which lasted about forty seconds. A gentleman from Baltimore (says the Consul) occupied the chamber with me; we immediately rushed into the street, which we found already filled with men, women and children, flying in all directions, others on their knees, calling to God to preserve them. It is impossible to describe the sensations caused by such an occurrence; houses rocking to and fro, tiles, small stones, and mortar, falling around, women and children screaming, and with the expectation of seeing the houses fall upon us, I assure you our situation is far from being enviable. Rumors have just reached us of several house having falling down at Fort Royal, of the truth of which there can be no doubt, as many houses were in a very precarious position, and the shock was of such force as to have thrown down those of more solidity. We have not heard of any deaths, but several persons were much hurt in jumping from the windows, &c.

Interesting Facts.—A writer in the Old Colony Memorial says—The Rev. Levi Whitman, who has just deceased at Kingston, in his 91st year, and the Hon. Martin Kinsley who lately died at Roxbury, in his 82d year, were both members of the Massachusetts Convention who met in Boston in 1788 for adopting the Constitution of the United States. There are as we recollect only three survivors of that respectable body; who are, the Hon. John Davis of Boston, Judge of the District Court of the United States; the Hon Abraham Holmes of Rochester; and Capt. Edmund Lazell of Cummington, now in his 90th year. It is also remarkable that all these were born in the County of Plymouth—Whitman and Lazell in East Bridgwater, Kinsley in Bridgewater, Davis in Plymouth, and Holmes in Rochester.

Railroads.—The editor of the National Gazette, in an article on railroads, speaks of the superiority of the English railroads, in their construction, over most of the American railroads, and of the preference given both in England and on the continent, to the Engines constructed in America, over those of England.

Of the cars he speaks thus.

We regret that we cannot say as much comparitively in praise of American railroad cars. It is a luxury to be in an English car of the first class. It is fitted up with all the neatness of a private carriage, and each compartment, being entirely separated from the others, is not larger than the body of a stage coach.—On many American railroads, we admit that the cars are comfortable and beautiful, but on several of the great national thoroughfares they set ease and pleasure at defiance. Especially do we object to that class of cars made for fifty passengers, with an aisle in the middle, and contracted seats on either side for two persons. The greatest fault of these omnium gatherum affairs is, that a certain order of gentlemen of the free and easy school so conduct themselves, that a lady finds her approximate situation by no means desirable. We have frequently heard lewd remarks and oaths from such persons, and are sure always to see them in barbarous postures, regardless of the fact that a modest female would necessarily hear their language and witness their actions. We suggest respectfully the attention of directors to this matter, who may imagine our objection applicable to the vehicles upon their railroads.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Pierpont, Mr Francis Boyd to Miss Mary Ripley, daughter of Moses Everett Esq.

In this city, by Rev Mr Bartol, Mr Wm. Thomas, of the firm of Russell, Thomas & Co. to Miss Cornelia Jane, daughter of Benjamin Bangs, Esq.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Sidney D. Willis to Miss Mary A. Langley.

At Portsmouth, N. H. Mr Horton D. Walker, formerly of Salem, to Miss M. Ellen Cleaves, daughter of the Hon Sam'l C.

At Baltimore, Mr Henry Withington to Miss Virginia A. H. Waters, both of that place.

At Liverpool, N. Y. 17th inst by Rev Mr Storer, Mr Neal M. D. Lathrop, printer, of Syracuse, to Miss Adeline E. Kimball, of L.

In Meadville Pa. on the 13th inst. Rev James Freeman Clarke of Louisville Ky. to Miss Anna, daughter of H. J. Huidekoper Esq.

In Paris, July 22, William Young Esq. youngest son of Rear Admiral Young, to Harriet Elizabeth, only child of A. S. Wellington Esq of Charleston, S. C. editor of the Charleston Courier.

DEATHS.

In this city, Frederick William, 5 years, son of William F. and Frances A. Whitney.

Mr Stephen Withington, 67.

In Lexington, Aug. 20, Harriet Eliza, eldest daughter of Alfred A. and Harriet Maria Andrews of Boston, 3 years and 3 months.

In Lancaster, Aug. 18, of consumption, Charles F. Brown, 17, youngest son of Mr. Charles F. Brown of this city.

In Hartford, Mr. Ezekiel Huntley, 87, father of Mrs. Sigourney.

At Portland, 22 inst, Timothy Osgood Esq, formerly of Haverhill, Mass, 80.

At Edenton, N. C. 19th inst, Mr. Judah Delano, editor of the Albemarle Sentinel, a native of Maine. He was long employed as a proof reader by Messrs Gales & Seaton, Washington.

At Mobile, 11th inst, Hon. Henry Hitchcock, President of the Alabama Life and Trust company, 48.

Died at Lynn June 27th, suddenly, Mrs. Curtis, Widow of the late Major Samuel Curtis of Boston. By her death, the children and grand children, have been deprived of a kind and affectionate mother, her acquaintance and friends, of one who was always ready to assist in sickness, and to relieve the distressed, and the Church of which was a member, a pattern of Christian fortitude and patience. Her memory will long be cherished in the hearts of the children and friends.—*Communiated.*

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, for September—this day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO.

Contents.

On Reading,
Unitarian Controversies
The writings of Henry More, D.D.
Channing on War

This number commences a highly interesting work by the author of Letters from Palmyra, entitled, 'Scenes in Judea.'

Subscriptions received at the publishers', 134 Washington street. aug 31

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'Every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God.'

3d edition, with additions and improvements, this day published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. aug 31

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DUHAMEL. (A Du Monceau.) Traite des Arbres Fruitiers: Nouvelle edition, augmentee d'un grand nombre de fruits, les uns echappees aux recherches de Duhamel, les autres obtenus depuis des progres de la culture; par A. Poiteau et P. Turpin; ouvrage orne de fig. impr. en couleur et retouchees au pinceau sur les originaux peints d'apres nature par les auteurs memes—6 vol. in folio, papier nom de Jesus. Paris, 1835.

Extrait du Rapport fait a la classe des sciences mathematiques et physiques de l'Institut de France sur cette nouvlele edition; par M M. Thouin et Bosc: 'Le besoin d'une nouvelle edition augmentee de toutes les varietes nouvelles se faisait vivement sentir, et on devait esperer, vu les progress de la science et le perfectionnement des arts du dessin, qu'elle serait superieure a la premiere. Personne n'etait plus propre a assurer le succes de l'entreprise que M M. Poiteau et Turpin, puisquils reunissent a un haut degre le talent de decrire a celui de peindre. Le premier objet qui frappe, lorsqu'on compare la nouvelle edition des Arbres frutiers a l'ancienne, c'est que les figures en sont coloriees; tout le monde sait que la couleur est une des caracteres les plus importants des varietes des fruits et qu'elle ne peut se decrire que tres imparfaitement, La Grosseur, la forme et la disposition des boutons, soit a bois, soit a fruit, etant d'une grand importance a connaitre, a l'epoque de la taille, MM. Poiteau et Turpin n'ont point manque de figurer un remeau pour les indiquer, ce que Duhamel n'a amais fait, et ce qui est d'une grande merite aux yeux des cultivateurs. La beaute du papier, le choix des caracteres, la nettete de l'impression du texte et des planches, font honneur aux soins que l'editeur prend de la partie materielle de l'ouvrage. Nous n'avons pas apercu commecela arrive quelquefois, la plus petit difference entre la premiere et la derniere livraison.'

Extract from a Letter of Robert Manning, Esq. of Salem.

Salem, August 12, 1839.

Gentlemen—I have just finished looking over the new edition of Duhamel, and so far as I am able to judge, the *execution* of the *figures* is in the first style and gives a faithful representation of the Fruits described. Taken altogether it is a most splendid work, invaluable to the student of Pomology or to persons having large collections of Fruits. My want of means only prevents my possessing the work. I hope at some future day to be able, through your agency, to obtain a copy. Yours, &c.

ROBERT MANNING.

This new edition of the great work of Duhamel, has but recently been completed in Paris, where it is published at about 3000 fr. The copy now offered for sale, is beautifully half bound in morocco, is in every respect perfect and is offered for $450. There is but one other copy in the United States. Imported and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington Street. aug 31

HERDER'S HEBREW POETRY.—The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, by J. G. Herder, translated from the German by James Marsh, 2 vols 12mo.

A few copies only for sale by sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. a 31

BOOKS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. have for sale, among the large assortment of miscellaneous Books,—Mrs. Farrar's Young Lady's Friend, Miss Sedgwick's Means and Ends, Mrs Sigourney's Letters to Young Ladies, Newcomb's Young Lady's Guide, Whitman's Young Lady's Aid, My Daughter's Manual, Young Lady's Gift, Young Lady's Own Book, Phillip's Lydia's, Martha's, and Mary's, Young Lady's Book of Poetry, Sprague's Letters to Young People, Miss Jewsbury's Letters to accomplished Young Ladies, etc. aug 24

BOOKS FOR YOUNG MEN.—List No. 3—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. have for sale, Winslow's Young Man's Aid—Whitman's Young Man's Assistant—Alcott's Young Man's Guide—My Son's Manual—My Son's Book—Muzzey's Young Man's Friend—Young Man's Own Book—Book of Politeness—American Gentleman—Young Gentleman's Closet Library—Abbott's Young Christian, &c.—Todd's Student's Manual—Advice to a Young Gentleman—Good Life—Victim of Gaming etc. etc.

Also, all the popular Histories, Biographies; etc.

List No. 1 contains Books for Young Ladies—No 2, Books for Mothers, etc. 121 Washington Street. august 31

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG—LIST No. 4—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. publish and have for sale, all the most approved Books for the Young, among which are,

Rollo at Play, at Work, School, Vacation, Learning to Read, and Talk, by Jacob Abbot; Charles Hartland, by Dr Alcott; Uncle's Tales about Shipwrecks, Little Dove, by Krummacher, Alnomuc, Old Ironsides, Howitt's Natural History, Tales in Verse and Prose, Social Amusements, Holiday Stories, Book of the Months, Parley's Books, Willy's Rambles, Birthday Gift, Mrs Follen's Nursery Songs, Barbauld's Lessons, Lambert Lilly's Books, Teacher's Present, Pictures and Stories by a Lady; Visit to the Country, Stories and Rhymes, Well Spent Hour, Warning by Mrs Follen, Happy days, Lily of the Valley, Drooping Lily, Grace, Harriet, Boy and Birds, Rose and her Lamb, Rich Poor Man, Todd's Lectures, Riches Without Wings, Truth made Simple by Todd, &c. &c.

In Press, Rollo's Museum, Rollo's Experiments, and several new books for the Young. aug 31

PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL.

THOSE parents, who wish to give their children a thorough English Education, where they may escape the evils incident to city schools, are respectfully informed that Mr C. A CUMMINGS will take a few more pupils into his private boarding Academy at Quincy, Mass, if early application be made.

Refer to Rev. Messrs Whitney and Lunt, pastors of the Unitarian Church Quincy.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition $25 00 per quarter. june 8 eop6mo

THE MISSES GROVES' boarding and day school for young ladies, will re-open on Sept. 3d. 3t august 17

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, Winter or Spring, 50 } in
Summer or Fall, 45 } advance.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.

Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.

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Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.

Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.

Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.

A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.

A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.

D. MACK, *Principal.*

Cambridge, Aug. 10th, 1838. n 24

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

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REMOVAL.

E. F. NEWHALL has removed to the spacious rooms No. 141 Washington street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, and has just added to to his stock a large and splendid assortment of new *SHAWLS*, plain and figured Silks, rich Challies, Mouseline de Laines, Lace Veils, and other desirable articles, of the best styles.

☞ Purchasers will find at this establishment the largest and best assortment of Seasonable Goods in the city, at the very lowest prices, by wholesale or retail—for cash only.

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E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.

jan 13 istf

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How peacefully they rest,
  Cross folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those tiny hands, that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with its mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
Her heart no more will beat,
  To feel the touch of that soft palm;
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
  To bless him with their holy calm;
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet.
  How quiet are the hands
  That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink,
With his calm breathing, I should think
  That he were dropped asleep;
  Alas! too deep, too deep!
    Is this his slumber!
    Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again;
Oh may we see his eyelids open then!

* * * * *

He did but float a little way
  Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes, watching the ripples play,
  And listening their fairy chime;
    His slender sail
    No'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
  And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
  To dwell with us no more:
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land,
  Where he was seen no more:
  Oh stern word, never more!

Full short his journey was; no dust
  Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men must,
  He bore not to the grave;
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandering hither; so his stay
  With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
  Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,
To stand before his God.

A DAY DREAM.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

My eyes make pictures, when they 're shut:—
  I see a fountain, large and fair,
A willow and a ruin'd hut,
  And thee, and me, and Mary there,
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow,
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow.

A wild-rose roofs the ruin'd shed,
  And that and summer well agree;
And lo! where Mary leans her head,
  Two *dear* names carved upon the tree!
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas day! But now few, large, and bright,
  The stars are round the crescent moon!
And now it is a dark warm night,
  The balmiest of the month of June!
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge, remounting
Shines, and in its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain,

O ever be thou blest!
  For dearly, Azra! love I thee!
This blooding warmth across my breast,
  This death of tranquil bliss—ah me!
Fount, tree and shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together,

The shadows dance upon the wall,
  By the still dancing fire-flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
  And now they melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
  'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!
But let me check this tender lay,
  Which none may hear but she and thou!
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!

POWER OF THE ALMIGHTY.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

God of the chainless winds, that wildly wreck
The moaning forest, and the ancient oak
Rend like a sapling spray, or sweep the sand
O'er the lost caravan—that trod, with pride
Of tinkling bells, and camels' arching necks,
The burning desert—a dense host at morn;
At eve, a bubble on the trackless waste.
God of the winds! canst thou not rule the heart,
And gather back its passions, when thou wilt,
Bidding them, '*Peace, be still.*'
  God of the waves,
That toss and mock the mightiest argosy,
As the gay zephyr frets the thistle-down,
Until the sternest leader's heart doth melt
Because of trouble; thou who call'st them back
From their rough challenge to the muffled sky,
And bid'st them harmless kiss an infant's feet,
That seeketh silver shells, canst thou not curb
The tumult of the nations—the hot wrath
Of warring kings—who like the babe must die,
Vaunting this day in armor, and the next,
Unshrouded, slumbering on the battle field!
God of the unfathom'd, unresisted deep,
We trust in Thee, and know in whom we trust.
  God of the solemn stars, that tread so true
The path by Thee appointed, every one
From the slight asteroid, to the far orb
That lists the watch-word, or the music march
Of neighboring planets round their monarch suns
Circling in glorious order, lead our souls,
From system unto system, up to Thee;
That when unbodied, from this lower world
Trembling they launch, they may not lose the clue
That guides from sun to sun, thro' boundless space,
The stranger-atom, to a home with Thee.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry.
In what far country doth this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To morrow will I live, the fool does say,
To day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.
Cowley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Capt. Marryatt's Diary.]

THE CAMP MEETING.

I was informed that a camp meeting was to be held about seven miles from Cincinnati, and, anxious to verify the accounts I had heard of them, availed myself of this opportunity of deciding for myself. We proceeded about five miles on the high road, and then diverged by a cross road until we arrived at a steep conical hill, crowned with splendid forest trees without underwood; the trees being sufficiently apart to admit of wagons and other vehicles to pass in every direction. The camp was raised upon the summit of this hill, a piece of table-land comprising many acres. About an acre and a half was surrounded on the four sides by cabins built of rough boards; the whole area in the centre was fitted up with planks, laid about a foot from the ground, as seats. At one end, but not close to the cabins, was a raised stand, which served as a pulpit for the preachers, one of them praying, while five or six others sat down behind him on benches. There was ingress to the area by the four corners; the whole of which was shaded by vast forest trees, which ran up to the height of fifty or sixty feet without throwing out a branch; and to the trunks of these trees were fixed lamps in every direction, for the continuance of service by night. Outside the area, which may be designated as the church, were hundreds of tents pitched in every quarter, their snowy whiteness contrasting beautifully with the deep verdure and gloom of the forest. These were the temporary habitations of those who had come many miles to attend the meeting, and who remained there from the commencement until it concluded—usually a period of from ten to twelve days, but often much longer. The tents were furnished with every article necessary for cooking; mattresses to sleep upon &c.; some of them even had bedsteads and chests of drawers, which had been brought in the wagons, in which the people in this country usually travel. At a farther distance were all the wagons and other vehicles which had conveyed the people to the meeting, whilst hundreds of horses were tethered under the trees, and plentifully provided with forage. Such were the general outlines of a most interesting and beautiful scene.

Where, indeed, could so magnificent a temple to the Lord be raised as on this lofty hill, crowned as it was with such majestic verdure. Compared with these giants of the forest, the cabins and tents of the multitude appeared as insignificant and contemptible as almost would man himself in the presence of the Deity. Many generations of men must have been mowed down before the arrival of these enormous trees to their present state of maturity; and at the time they sent forth their first shoots, probably there were not on the whole of this continent, now teeming with millions, as many white men as are now assembled on this field. I walked about for some time surveying the panorama, when I returned to the area, and took my seat upon a bench. In one quarter the colored population had collected themselves; their tents appeared to be better furnished and better supplied with comforts than most of those belonging to the whites. I put my head into one of the tents, and discovered a sable damsel lying on a bed, and singing hymns in a loud voice. The major portion of those not in the area were cooking the dinners. Fires were burning in every direction: pots boiling, chickens roasting, hams seething; indeed there appeared to be no want of creature comforts.

But the trumpet sounded, as in days of yore, as a signal that the service was about to recommence, and I went into the area and took my seat. One of the preachers rose and gave out a hymn which was sung by the congregation, amounting to about seven or eight hundred. After the singing of the hymn was concluded, he commenced an extempore sermon; it was good, sound doctrine, and, although Methodism, of the mildest tone, and divested of its bitterness of denunciation, as indeed is generally the case with Methodism in America. I heard nothing which could be offensive to any other sect, or which could be considered objectionable by the most orthodox, and I began to doubt whether such scenes as had been described to me did really take place at these meetings. A prayer followed, and after about two hours, the congregation were dismissed to their dinners, being first informed that the service would recommence at two o'clock, at the sound of the trumpet. In front of the pulpit there was a space railed off, and strewed with straw, which I was told was the *Anxious Seat*, and on which sat those who were touched by their consciences, or the discourse of the preacher; but, although there were several sitting on it, I did not perceive any emotion on the part of the occupants: they were attentive, nothing more.

When I first examined the area, I saw a very large tent at one corner of it, probably fifty feet long, by twenty wide. It was open at the end, and, being full of straw, I concluded it was used as a sleeping place for those who had not provided themselves with separate accommodation. About an hour after the service was over, perceiving many people directing their steps towards it, I followed them. On one side of the tent were about twenty females, mostly young, squatted down on the straw; on the other a few men; in the centre was a long form, against which were some other men kneeling, with their faces covered with their hands, as if occupied in prayer. Gradually the numbers increased, girl after girl dropped down upon the straw on one side, and men on the other. At last an elderly man gave out a hymn, which was sung with peculiar energy; then another knelt down in the centre, and commenced a prayer, shutting his eyes, (as I observed most clergymen in the United States do when they pray) and raising his hands above his head; then another burst out into prayer, and another followed him: then their voices became all confused together; and then were heard the more silvery tones of woman's supplication. As the din increased, so did their enthusiasm; handkerchiefs were raised to bright eyes, and sobs were intermingled with prayers and ejaculations. It had become a scene of Babel; more than twenty men and women were crying out at the highest pitch of their voices, and trying apparently to be heard above the others. Every minute the excitement increased; some wrung their hands and called for mercy; some tore their hair; boys laid down, crying bitterly, with their heads buried in the straw; there was sobbing almost to suffocation, and hysterics, and deep agony. One young man clung to the form, crying: 'Satan tears at me, but I would hold fast. Help—help, he drags me down!' It was a scene of horrible agony and despair; and, when it was at its height, one of the preachers came in, and raising his voice high above the tumult, intreated the Lord to receive into his fold those who now repented and would fain return. Another of the ministers knelt down by some young men, whose faces were covered up, and who appeared to be almost in a state of phrenzy; and putting his hands upon them, poured forth an energetic prayer, well calculated to work upon their over excited feelings. Groans, ejaculations, broken sobs, frantic motions, and convulsions succeeded; some fell on their backs with their eyes closed waving their hands with a slow motion, and crying out 'Glory! glory! glory!' I quitted the spot, and hastened away into the forest, for the sight was too painful, too melancholy. Its sincerity could not be doubted, but it was the effect of over-excitement, not of sober reasoning. Could such violence of feeling have been produced, had each party retired to commune alone?—Most surely not. It was a fever created by collision and contact, of the same nature, as that which stimulates a mob to deeds of blood and horror.

ACCOUNT OF A CARNATION VIEWED THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

From an elegant bouquet, I selected a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attracted by a soft and agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre.

What a fragrant world for their habitation: what a perfect security from all annoyance in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action. Adapting a microscope to take in at one view the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions; art had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation.

The base of the flower extended itself, under its influence, to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of a massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between, were enlarged into walks, parterres and terraces. On the polished bottoms of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants; these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were then raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labors of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could at leisure as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vieing with the empyrean in its blue; their eyes out glittering the little plains, and brilliant above description, and almost too great for admiration.

I could observe them here singling out their favorite females—courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades—and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyous dalliance, or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stern among the painted trees, or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.—*Fawcet.*

THE TENNESSEE MOTHER.

Some few years ago a young man left his home in Tennessee with a horse drover, for the purpose of assisting in driving a lot of horses into the Georgia market. The Tennessean, meeting with a sale for all his horses, and not wishing to retain one to carry the young man home, advised him to remain in Georgia, and seek employment as a laborer on one of our rail roads, stating that it was a profitable business, by pursuing which, he could not fail to make money.

Naturally a simpleton, the young man followed the advice of the individual who should have protected him, and who had enticed him from his home, and sought employment on the Monroe rail road. Here he was most unfortunately thrown into bad company, and was induced to forge an order, amounting to about forty dollars, on a store for goods. The forgery discovered, he was indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years.

His mother, an old lady of sixty years, residing 450 miles from Milledgeville, hearing of the unfortunate condition in which her son was placed, and knowing the imbecility of his mind, with all a mother's affection, determined to proceed at once to this place, and to make his true situation known to the proper authorities. But alas! how was a poor and lonely woman, without money or friends, having no conveyance of her own, to get to Milledgeville? With a resolution truly heroic, this old lady determined to travel on foot the whole distance, and, accompanied by a sister ten years younger than herself, she actually started, and over mountain, stream, and valley, she walked the extraordinary distance of four hundred and fifty miles, to petition the Governor to pardon her unfortunate son.

An investigation of the case induced the Governor to extend to the unfortunate youth a remission of his sentence, and we had the melancholy pleasure of seeing the old lady and her sister, together with the son, slowly wending their way back to their home in Tennessee. What will not a mother's affections accomplish? The drover who enticed him from home, and left him to suffer in a land of strangers, knowing his imbecility, should supply his place in the penitentiary.—*Milledgeville Journal.*

CIVILIZED AND SAVAGE.

We'd thank any body to define these two terms, and tell *exactly* what makes a savage and what a civilized personage. Among savages every man is regarded as honest;—in civilized society we are taught to regard all as rogues. Among savages, if a family leave their wigwam to visit a neighbor, they put a stick against the door on the outside, to show the passers-by they are absent; in civilized society, bars and bolts, and locks are hardly a sufficient security. Savages manage their matters without prisons—civilization fills the country with them. Savages ornament their noses with jewels—civilized men hang them around their necks, or let them dangle in front, while the ladies suspend them gracefully from their ears and waists. Savages dress their hair with feathers—civilized ladies and military characters do their hats.—Savages paint their faces—it would be ungallant to say *ladies* in civilized society do such a ridiculous thing—but we have seen their beauty run off their sweet countenances in such streaks, in a very warm gathering, that we strongly suspected it. Savages expend much needlework and labor in beautifying their moccasins—civilized men and women do the same to their vesture. Savage females are remarkably fond of beads and shells; 'did you ever see the like' among those who are civilized?

Which then deserve to be considered barbarians? For after a close investigation of the matter—saving in one or two particulars, where the savage has the decided preference—the whole difference appears to be in matters of taste. But if we condemn the taste of the savage, he has an equal right to condemn our own; and there we are again reduced to an equality. We have learned to read, and savages have not; but we delight more in reading things that tend neither to make us wise, nor improve our morals, than in those which do—and where are we the better? The fault however, is not in civilization—but in the want of it: in our own semi-savage love of frippery add nonsense; in our ungoverned appetite and uncultivated morals.

Cunning of the Insane.—Occasionally it is almost impossible to ascertain whether a person is mad, owing to the cunning of the insane. 'I well remember,' says Lord Erskine, 'that I examined, for the greater part of a day, an unfortunate gentleman, who had indicted a most affectionate brother, together with the keeper of a mad house at Hoxton, for having imprisoned him as a lunatic; while, according to his evidence, he was in his perfect senses. I was, unfortunately, not instructed in what his lunacy consisted, although my instructions left me no doubt of the *fact*; but not having the clue, he completely foiled me in every attempt to expose his infirmity. You may believe that I left unemployed no means which experience dictated; but without the smallest effect. The day was wasted; and the prosecuter, by the most affecting history of unmerited suffering, appeared to the judges and jury, and to a humane English audience, as the victim of a most wanton and barbarous oppression. At last, Dr Sims who had been prevented by business from an earlier attendance, came into court. From him I soon learned that the very man whom I had been above an hour examining, with every possible effort which counsel are so much in the habit of exerting, believed himself to be the Lord and Savior of mankind—not merely at the time of his confinement, but during the whole time that he had been triumphing over every attempt to surprise him in the concealment of his disease. I then affected to lament the indecency of my ignorant examination, when he expressed his forgiveness, and said, with the utmost gravity and emphasis, in the face of the whole Court, 'I am the Christ,' and so the cause ended.'

Schiller's Monument.—The inauguration of the monument of Schiller, at Sutgardt, took place on the 6th of May with great pomp. In the morning, a procession of five thousand persons entered the square. The great officers of State, the members of the two Chambers, the Foreign Ministers and other high personages, were stationed in a gallery erected for the purpose, with Charles and Ernest Schiller, the sons of the poet, and M. De Gleichen, his son in law, in front. A deputation from the school in which Schiller received his education attended, and with it some of his old school-fellows, and even one of his tutors; Colonel Rosch, now ninety-six years of age. The statue was uncovered amidst the enthusiastic acelamations of all the spectators. The house in which Schiller lived when surgeon of a regiment, was decorated with an appropriate inscription, and all the principal buildings of the town were adorned with flags.

Confessions of a Beggar Boy. New way to raise the Wind.—My father then went into a grog-shop hard by, telling me I must get him some money some way or other. It was late, and as I thought, too much trouble to beg what he wanted. I was therefore exceedingly put to it for some successful expedient. At length a happy thought struck me, and I went into a drug store in Market street, a few doors east of Howard, and called for six cents worth of cream of tartar. It was soon weighed out and handed to me. Just at that moment a person came in and soon after three more. The young man in the store was of course soon busily engaged in serving them. I stood still at the counter, with my little package in my hand, waiting with seeming great patience. After all were gone, I remained standing there, and at last the clerk asked me if I wanted anything else. 'No sir,' said I, 'I am only waiting for my change.' 'Your change, oh! what did you give me?' 'A half dollar, sir.' He looked at me for some moments, and then said, 'Are you right sure?' 'Oh yes sir,' with apparent ingenuousness, 'I gave you a half dollar just as that girl came in for the castor oil, and you put it in the drawer, and forgot to give me the change.' 'Well, I am sure I forgot all about it, but I suppose it is right,' said he as he gave me forty-four cents change. I walked quietly out of the shop, but as soon as I was round the corner, I threw the cream of tartar into the gutter, and ran off as fast as I could, to join my father. He was of course delighted with the large supply I had raised, and when I informed him of the trick to which I had resorted, he patted me on the head, and said I was a sad one: and then laid himself back to enjoy a hearty laugh at the joke. 'Money is too scarce now, Charley,' said he, 'to afford to buy anything to eat with it. You can easily get enough cold victuals. So do you go out and get something for us to eat, and we will go home and take our supper. We will take a bottle of gin along and some beer, and fare sumptuously.

Discharging Clouds.—Mr. Arago, has proposed a plan for discharging clouds, in cases of storms, of the electric fluid which they contain, and thus preventing the frequent occurrence of hail storms, which, as is well known, are generally produced by two curents of clouds, charged with positive and negative electricity, crossing each other. It consists in an improvement upon Franklin's experiment of the kite, with which he obtained an electric spark from a cloud, and afterwards Dr. Romas, of Neras, and Messrs Lining and Charles of the United States, produced electric flashes three and four feet in length. Mr Arago reccommends that a small balloon properly secured, armed with metallic points, and communicating with the ground by a rope covered with metallic wire, like a sharp string, should be kept permanently floating in the air at a considerable height over the spot which it is wished to preserve from the effects of lightning or hail; and he expects that by such an apparatus as this a cloud might have its electric contents entirely drawn off without any damage being caused, or that at least the intensity of a hail storm would be greatly diminished. The experiment is so simple that it is well worthy of a trial.

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